

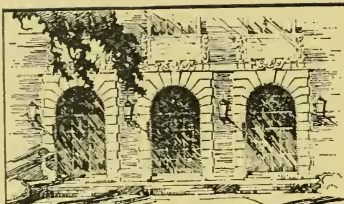
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DODD, T. LEO.

KOBWEB KORERS

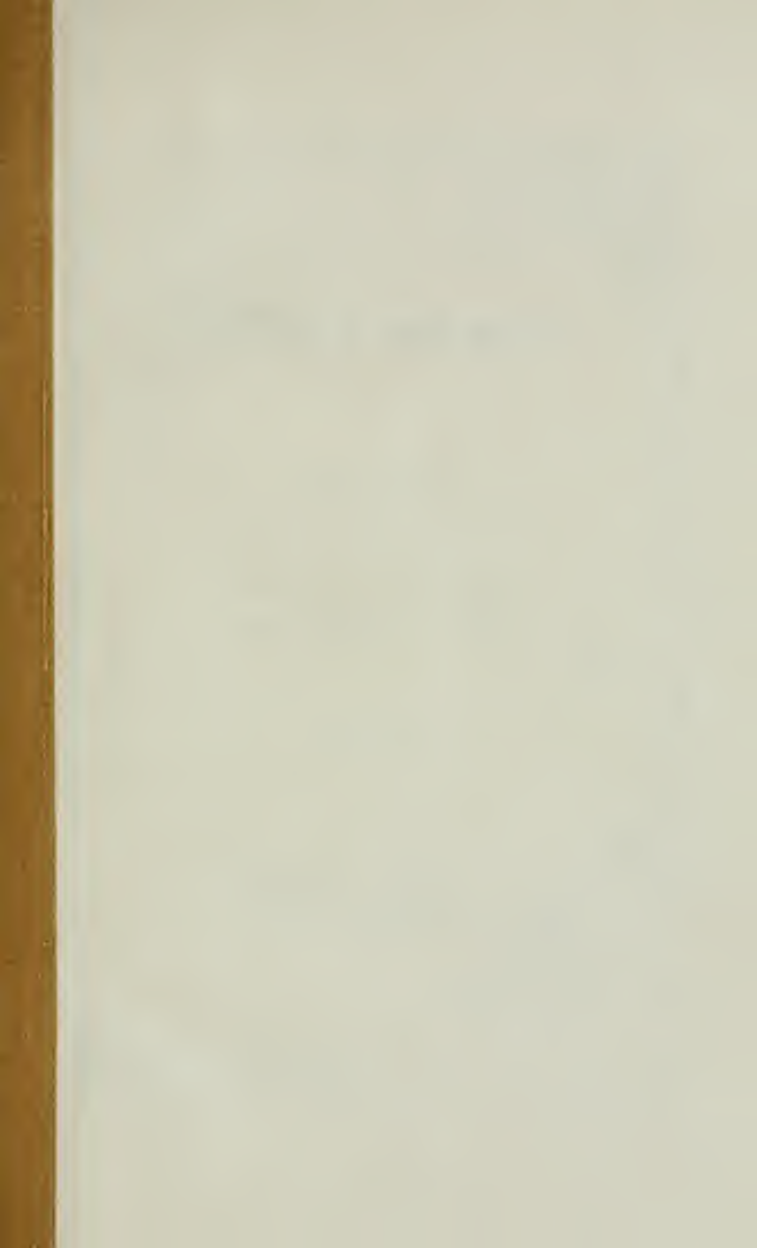
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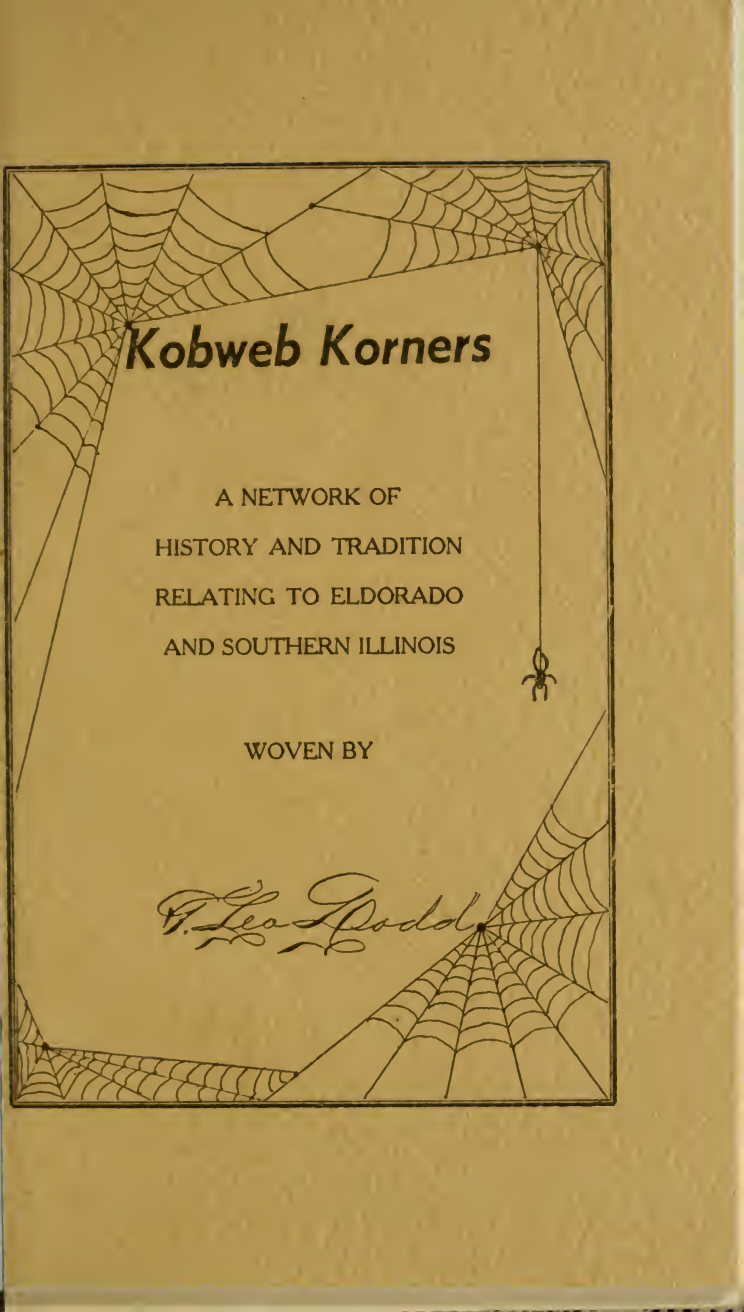
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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY





The entire page is framed by a decorative border of spider webs. The webs are drawn in a simple line-art style, with some webs extending from the corners towards the center. A small spider is positioned on a vertical web line on the right side of the page.

Kobweb Korners

A NETWORK OF
HISTORY AND TRADITION
RELATING TO ELDORADO
AND SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

WOVEN BY

V. Lea Dodd





DEDICATION

To my beloved companion, my kindest critic, and the Queen in our family—

HARRIS RIDENHOWER DODD

In the fiftieth year of our happy marriage—1966



First Edition, March 20, 1967

ARGUS PRINTING CO., CYNTHIANA, IND.

PURPOSE

For many years I have had both the desire and some encouragement to do a bit of writing. "KOBWEB KORNERS" provided the opportunity. Since December 1964 a column under that title has been a front-page feature of The Eldorado Daily Journal, in the Saturday issue.

It seems to be filling a gap. No one has made a serious effort to record the history and the stories relating to the Eldorado Community and its environs. The effort has had very favorable reception.

Many friends have encouraged me to compile the columns in book form. This volume comprises selected columns which seemed to please the readers. It also includes a number of original quips—some of my more-or-less philosophical observations.

T. Leo Dodd

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ill. Hist.
Survey

Gratefully I pondered the question as to why Mr. T. Leo Dodd should ask me to preface his little volume, KOBWEB KORNERS. Then I remembered the old adage, "No one is sincere but a child and an old woman." Yet he has restricted my comments by requesting, "Don't be too complimentary." How can I, who know him so well, be sincere and avoid superlatives? I'll just let others speak for my unassuming friend.

Mr. Casual Passerby, who has been a citizen of Eldorado for only two years, when asked, "What do you think of T. Leo Dodd?", without a moment's hesitation replied, "A great guy, a good guy! One who likes to aid you in little things, one who cooperates." Having been Leo's English teacher for four years, I would choose a word other than "guy", but to express the sentiment, what could be better?

Why is a casual passerby in Eldorado competent to judge? Seldom has a man so identified himself with his home community as has T. Leo Dodd.

Born in a log house on a 30-acre farm, his father, a farmer and a country school teacher, he passed his early years as a country boy, interested in the love of the past. When he finished the rural schools, he entered the new Eldorado Township High School. After college days and an apprenticeship in other schools as a teacher, he returned to Eldorado, where he worked thirty-one years in the school from which he graduated—fourteen years as a teacher and seventeen years as the principal of the school.

In all these years of teaching, the civic duties multiplied until he earned the title, "Mr. Eldorado". He is a member of civic and fraternal organizations and has held every local office in the Lions Club and served during World War II as District Governor of Lions International. He was president, for three years, of the Eldorado Development Association, the first such venture in Southern Illinois, and represented the Association at Valley Forge to receive the top award in the Nation, \$1,000.00 and a George Washington Medal, following this the next year by receiving a second award of \$50.00 and a citation.

The reader will notice the simple style of expression in this little volume—something like Benjamin Franklin. Despite a B. S. Degree from Chicago University, and an M. S. Degree from the University of Illinois, Leo Dodd is still, in spirit and character, a gentle boy, who in tremolo voice, spoke a declamation in his junior year in high school to win his first medal. His scholastic records

reveal honors from valedictorian in high school to Cum Lauda in the universities.

As to his record as a school man, Mr. Harry Taylor, Principal of the Harrisburg Township High School for many years, often voiced his praise in words like these: "Mr. Dodd is a good school man and a gentleman. We take pride in the fact that through our combined efforts we changed the vicious enmity between the two schools into friendly rivalry."

Mr. C. R. Gardner, Saline County Superintendent of Schools, had this to say: "My selection of Mr. Dodd as my present assistant speaks for itself in expressing my esteem for the man and the educator. After having been a student under Mr. Dodd, and closely associated with him, I consider him a remarkable person."

One of the finest tributes to Mr. Dodd is the esteem in which he is held by his wife, the former Miss Harris Ridenhower of Vienna, Illinois, and by their five children—all filling positions of honor.

The Bible says, "The only true wisdom is to know God." This test shows that Leo Dodd measures high in stature with God and man. He was ordained by the Primitive Baptist Church in 1919 and has pastored from three to six churches concurrently, driving some 1000 miles a month, filling many other speaking engagements to total from 150 to 175 per year.

He expressed his philosophy in a serious mood of thankfulness for such a full and peaceful life by remarking, "Whatever comes to me in my remaining years, I hope I can lift up my eyes to the hills from which cometh my help and accept uncomplainingly any measure of life's areas of pain, darkness, and cold."

This is a loving tribute to a former student who has met my fondest expectations.

Bess B. Pemberton

ORIGIN AND EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF ELDORADO

Part I

For the information in this KORNER the author is deeply indebted to some of his former pupils in Eldorado Township High School who took as a very worthy project the compilation of most of the following columns. They are Pearl Butler, Helen Segraves, Velma Davis, Marguerite Hill and John McDaniel. They in turn cited as their sources of information interviews which they had had with Talitha E. Aaron, Rena Butler, J. W. Elder, Grace Gasaway and a publication by John J. Jones. My students brought the record up to the early thirties.

In the year of 1853 the village of Eldorado sprang up on the farms of William Elder and William Read. Later the Cairo and Vincennes Railroad Company surveyed for a road. The survey came from the north, ran through close to where Lincoln School now stands.

The first two streets, State and Walnut, were laid out in 1858. As the population began to grow more homes were built. Other streets were laid out, Locust and West. The first school house was built on the corner of Locust and West.

Gold was the product that drew adventurers to the "Eldorado" of myth and fancy, but the valuable mineral, coal, was the magnet that was to bring in the greatest influx of people to make our community assume anything like the proportions of the early thirties. At that time there were eight mines being operated in the vicinity by O'Gara Coal Company, Franklin Coal Company, Peabody Coal Company, and the Wasson Coal Company, giving employment to some two thousand men and in a city of some 6,000 people. The revenue at times amounted to over \$8,000,000.00 a year.

Dr. Charles Choisser and William Elder and son, J. W. Elder built a sawmill on the lot where the Dr. J. A. Ramsey residence now stands. This mill supplied lumber for the building of the town's residences and many places of business for a number of years.

"Elereado"—a combination of the names, Elder and Read was incorporated as "Eldorado," in 1870. An early country historian states, "the similarity of the original name to the present one gradually led to the change." However, there is another story, fact or fiction—I don't know which. That story was that when the sign was being painted on the first depot for the new railroad, the painter printed "Eldorado".

EARLY ELDORADO

Part II

It is difficult to determine the chronological order of events, and similar order of institutions and personalities that became important landmarks and milestones in the Rise and Development of Eldorado. Even if such were possible it would be confusing to the readers and much more so to the author. For that reason we shall try to follow threads of interest and importance that came to be woven into the pattern of progress of our community.

Mention has already been made of some of these threads, coal mining, cotton, railroads, lumbering and the planning of the town. Prior to these, of course were the arduous tasks of clearing away the forest and tilling the new ground.

It is our desire to write more in detail about those pursuits already mentioned as well as those to be mentioned later. The author is so grateful to each one who has contributed bits of information and sincerely invites anyone and everyone who possesses similar information to share it with him and promises to make every effort to reconstruct the interesting pattern of the progress of Eldorado.

Quite similar to the early settler's experience with the growing and processing of cotton in these parts was their experience with the growing and processing of tobacco. However, the tobacco industry reached larger proportions and lasted longer as a factor in the economy of the community than did the cotton industry. Nevertheless, a small amount of cotton is yet being grown each year in the vicinity of Cairo. Tobacco was for many years, even within the memory of some people now living, a very important money crop. Small tobacco barns were on many farms and huge ware houses, a few still standing, were in several towns in Saline County.

Perhaps the reasons for the short period during which cotton was produced were that the growing season this far north was too short and labor costs were greater than a little further south. The latter is the chief reason for the disappearance of the tobacco patch. The season is long enough—we have seen tobacco fields in Canada.

Other industries which were, but are no more in evidence, just to mention at this time are: brick and tile factories (or Kilns), leather tannery, spoke and handle factory, coffin shops, cheese factory, ice and ice cream plant, bottling works, basket weaving, chair making, loom (in homes) for weaving carpets and cloth, hewing logs for houses and railroad ties, the country blacksmith, wheelwright, poultry dressing on a large scale, molasses (sorghum) mills,

cooper shop, cider mill, pottery factory, grist mill, flour mill, and what have you. Perhaps more properly, what haven't we, and why?

Most of the services mentioned required much and often arduous labor—many hours per item produced. With the growing tendency to use better and more complicated equipment, the production passed from the little home or community to the larger plant production. So they are gone.

EARLY ELDORADO

Part III

Now that we have been looking in the rear-view mirror at our community, let's take a look around to see how it is today—the other side of the coin, to mix metaphors.

The wares produced and services rendered formerly in the homes and small shops are now for the most part supplied on a commercial basis either in our community or at more distant points and are yet enjoyed—for a price, more a price of money than of direct labor.

Some of those areas which have been most affected by the changing times are: barbering, butchering, beauty shops, shoe and leather repair, the production of milk and allied products—butter and cheese, poultry and eggs, the weaving of cloth and carpets, making staves and shingles, grinding, even "roasting" green coffee beans, drying fruit, and many many others.

We have had a look at the country stores. Of course, there had to be stores and other small scale enterprises to accommodate the needs of the few people in the budding village of Eldorado.

The first store was owned by Tom Vaughn and was located on the west corner of State and Locust. It was a general store, supplying the vicinity with the necessities, such as calico, coffee, and sugar. But the people of this town and near by communities did much of their weekly shopping at Shawneetown.

The next two stores were owned by N. Bramlet and John Hall, both being located near the present site of the Church of Christ. In 1881 a man by the name of Pedn put up a clothing store somewhere near, if not on the corner of Third and Locust. In this same year some men from the Shawneetown built a stove factory located not too far from the new clothing store.

The first hotel was on the northeast corner of the intersection of State and Locust. It was owned by William Elder. The next hotel was built by a Mr. Smith, located on the corner now occupied by the

post office, corner of Fourth and Railroad Streets. One of the features of the hotels of that time was the show room— not a night club, but a large room with long tables where the “drummers” would spread out their samples for the inspection of local merchants and those of nearby towns.

The “drummers” were so called because they were traveling to “drum up trade” for the wholesalers or jobbers which they represented. They had to come into and leave Eldorado by train, and if it became necessary for them to make short trips, such as to Raleigh, Texas City, or Equality, they would hire a rig—horse or buggy—and sometimes a driver to take them on such short trips. The livery stable thrived in Eldorado until the advent of the automobile. Gone were the “show rooms” in the hotels, the livery stables, and one by one the passenger trains. The “drummer” became the traveling salesman, and as a rule he was never so popular as the “drummer,” whose regular visits were looked upon as an occasion by the merchants.

It would be a real experience if we could turn back the years just for a week and have the Eldorado of 75 or 100 years ago. But that would be long enough.

EARLY ELDORADO

Part IV

The first railroad to be completed through Eldorado was that popularly and locally known as the Big Four, from Chicago to Cairo. This was about 1873. F. M. Elder, and probably others, donated the right of way through their respective farms for the three railroads that were to intersect at Eldorado.

The first station was a log structure located not far from the point where State Street crosses the Big Four, and was built after the Illinois Central branch from St. Louis, with east terminal at Eldorado, was completed. The next depot was another log structure, located not far from the intersection of the Big Four and the McLeansboro-Shawneetown branch of the L. and N. The Big Four and the I. C. used, and still use, the same track from near the No. 10 mine site to the depot.

The surveyors knew the mathematical maxim, “a straight line is the shortest distance between any two given points.” They were more concerned, because of the element of cost, with the meaning of the maxim than they were of the points of the compass. As a result, the Big Four comes into Eldorado west of the northeast, bears

north of southwest toward Harrisburg, and has a "Y" from Union Street to Fourth Street, connecting with the L. and N. The L. and N. comes a bit west of north and continues toward Shawneetown a little east of south. The I. C., with east terminal in Eldorado, follows a line somewhat north of west toward Benton and St. Louis. This company also constructed a spur from near No. 10 mine site running southwest almost to the Big Four track, to be used as a switch. Until within the memory of the author there was a turntable, on the switch, operated by man power, where the locomotives were faced about for the return trips.

The web-like pattern of railroad tracks affected the directions of roads into, and streets within the town as well as the planning of subdivisions, all of which accounts for the odd appearance of the map of Eldorado with its triangular lots, dead-ends, and off-compass land lines. It adds to the difficulty of the newcomers and the passersthrough in finding the way around. Anyway it certainly breaks the monotony.

One of the services rendered by the railroads was, until recently, the transportation of mail and express into and out of town.

Until the railway mail service was established the mail had been carried on horseback from Benton, through Eldorado, and on to Shawneetown. It required two days to make the round trip—more than fifty miles one way, over, first trails, then primitive roads. Floods, swollen streams, and deep snows were other hazards with which the carriers had to cope. The carrier, upon approaching town, would blow a bugle as a signal that the mail had arrived—but not much.

The first post office was located near the present site of the Church of Christ. That was the main part of town in those days. It was later moved to the intersection of State and Locust Streets, then to the corner of Locust and Organ Streets, then near the present site of the post office, then to the building now occupied by the Eldorado Nursing Home on Locust Street, then to the three-story Burnett Building, and finally to the present site.

The first postmaster was Nathaniel Bramlet. Ed Bramlet was a rural mail carrier and Allen Bramlet was one of the very first rural mail carriers.

WAITING IS NOT ALWAYS PROCRASTINATION

When we seem to be faced "with the choice of the lesser of two evils," why not "stand still" at the crossroads. Likely a way will appear that is not evil at all. It worked for Israel at the Red Sea.

PIONEERS

Perhaps when we studied about pioneers in the history class in the elementary school we concluded that the days of the pioneer were past. Why not? All the land, rivers, lakes, and mountains had been discovered and explored and most settlements were established. Blazed trails had given way to roads, then gravel roads, and finally to paved highways.

However our concept of the term "pioneer" was much too limited. So many other areas pose great challenges for the pioneer now, as did the geography of our country two hundred years ago. Pioneering has been and is being extended below the surface of our land. It encompasses discovery, exploration and development. Think of what pioneering has been involved in the final production of coal and other minerals, gas and oil—all of which has meant so much to each of us!

Science, technology, education, automation, agriculture, new materials in every field of human need, food production and processing, power, the depths of the sea, and the boundless expanse of outer space, just to mention a few, are areas in which pioneering is feeling its way and blazing new trails every day. The days of the pioneer are not past!

These observations take no credit from those hardy pioneers in the discovery, the exploration, the settlement, and the first physical development of our community. Their achievements are well recorded and gratefully remembered. Rather, we trust that to record the further pioneering will enhance our appreciation of those who came here with family and faith, with axe and ox, and with spirit and strength to build houses and make homes.

We shall not forget the Elders and the Reads whose names were combined to give our city its name as were their vision and deeds combined to give Eldorado its start and status of reality. Nor should we forget those families who cleared the land, tediously tilled the "new ground," and built the first houses for churches and schools. Lest we forget, seven Veterans of the American Revolution lie buried in the soil of the County of Saline.

In the days of the earliest settlement, each family, of necessity, was almost self-sufficient. The food, clothing, furniture and tools required for pioneer living, were almost entirely the products of the family's labor, skill, and ingenuity. Sometimes families did join forces at logrollings, houseraisings, husking bees, and hog-killings. These and other cooperative endeavors were usually made the occasion for social enjoyment, greeting new comers, as well as getting

the job done.

When the population became denser, that is more people per square mile, there came into being the villages and towns and with them a phase of specialization. There came merchants, millers, blacksmith, coopers, cobblers, cabinet and coffin makers, brickmakers, wheelwrights, saw-mill operators, and many other "entrepreneurs"—enterprisers.

We have told some parts of the story of the Country Store. Later we hope to focus our attention on those who rendered such services as those already mentioned plus as many more as may be determined by the limitations of time, space, and your interest in reading about them. The early comers brought the community clock, so to speak, but others have kept it wound up and ticking. They, too, were pioneers!

There are so many people who are descendants of families in the latter category of pioneers. You should be proud of your heritage.

MAYBE

Yesterday's prophecy may become today's news and tomorrow's history.

A GOOD IDEA

Neither "U" nor "I" are in CARELESS but we are both in CAUTIOUS. Let's keep it that way.

KEEP IT PLEASANT

Your thoughts make up the language heard only by your "inner ear."

USE GOOD MATERIAL

One cannot afford to build doty timber into a new house, nor employ bad practices to achieve even a worthy ambition.

CUM LAUDA

A high-school or a college education has not been a success unless the graduate realizes there is much more to be learned than he thought there were four years before.

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

Too many GREEN apples a day will NOT keep the doctor away.

WHILE THE SUN SHINES

A leaky roof is more easily repaired when it is not raining.

MINING AND MONEY

Part I

The economy of a community may be thought of as a lake with streams of supply and streams of outlet, with waters eddying about in the lake for periods of time. There are two kinds of wealth—the current or immediately usable assets. The potential may be the undeveloped assets such as coal, oil and gas deposits, forests, fertility of the soil, attractions for tourism, and the most important—the people. The economy is enhanced by the greater use of its potential until it has been depleted, as are cases of mineral deposits and forests. Fortunately for our community many others remain. The use of such, along with subsidizing funds, constitute the inlet streams.

The eddying of the water within the lake represents the exchange of goods and services within the community. The farmer pays the doctor, the doctor pays the grocer, and the grocer buys the farmer's produce. The outlet streams represent the flow of funds that must leave the community for goods and services supplied by sources outside the community. Naturally, the prosperity of community depends entirely upon the relation between the inlet and the outlet streams.

Boom times come when some potential is discovered and developed. Desirable land, home sites, forest, game, water, and climate were prime factors in attracting the pioneers. Ever better methods of farming have continued to make agriculture the most important source of wealth from pioneer times to the present day.

Eldorado has experienced boom times by the inflow of people and revenue occasioned by the sudden and sometimes by the gradual discovery and development of potential sources of revenue, such as tourism (increasing in importance each year), oil, gas, and coal.

Because the coal mining industry attracted more people, yielded the greatest wealth for a while, lasted longer than any other except farming, it will be made the subject of a number of columns dealing with the other Big "M's" of mining; Men, Methods, Machinery, and Markets. These and other factors of the industry have touched each individual and each business and service in our community. The same is true of so many other communities in Southern Illinois.

The purpose of this column is to set the stage, the background, and to enable us to see the HOW and WHY of mining coal and to look upon the industry as an important wheel in the machinery that has kept Eldorado moving forward.

It will be the real regret of the author that it will be impossible to reproduce the entire picture but time, space, talent, and the diffi-

culty of tapping sources of information preclude that possibility. We hope to reflect some of the highlights of the industry which accounted for the second wave of immigrants—pioneers no less than those who blazed the first trails and cleared away the first of the primeval forests. Both groups have made important contribution to the tradition, economy, and history of the community and their children and their children's children remain in no small numbers to carry on in the faith of their fathers in this wonderful community of Eldorado.

COAL MINING METHODS

Part II

A discussion on methods of mining is a discussion on the History of mining. Quite like the study of the manufacture of salt in Southern Illinois, the beginning of the use of coal in this area is difficult to determine for lack of records.

More than likely the first use of coal in this region was by the farm people who had land on which there were outcroppings of thin veins of coal. This means that coal, bare of any soil covering, was right on the surface. There were and still are many outcroppings to be seen. First neighbors, then people more distant came to buy coal to supplement their former kind of fuel, which was wood.

The first record I have been able to find of the sale of coal to a distant customer was in 1885 when a school in Rector Township paid for mining and hauling coal, \$4. There is no other record of payment for any other fuel that year. The coal had to be hauled at least twenty miles. The next year coal cost \$5, but the years before, the cost of wood for fuel was \$11.76.

The next step in mining was on a more pretentious scale and by another method. In the Ozark Foothills in Mountain Township veins of coal were discovered on the face of the hills. Beginning at the face of the hill the coal was mined out and as the mining continued the roof was supported by timbers secured nearby. A narrow-gauge track of light rails was laid from the face of the coal to the opening. Small cars were loaded (mine run) by the few miners on the job and these cars were pulled by small mules out on a ramp where the coal was dumped and sold to wagon trade.

I remember that when I was but a lad I went with my father to get coal in mid-summer. We had to have coal for the threshing machine in July and what was left was part of our fuel, burned with wood, in the grate in early autumn. Before bad weather father usually bought another load for the winter season. I think he got all

he could haul with a two-horse team, about a ton, for one dollar, but it took all day to make the trip. The quality of the coal was poor by today's standards, but it was better than wood and much more easily acquired.

There have been some improvements in methods of mining since then!

One thing I failed to mention about Slope Mining is that it was done extensively in Cottage Township, which is much nearer Eldorado than Mountain Township. It was from mines in Cottage Township that Eldorado people bought their first coal.

The next step forward in mining methods was the shallow-shaft mine. For this type of mining, a "shaft" was "sunk" to a vein of coal which did not crop out in the area. "Sunk" means excavated, one of the many terms peculiar to the industry. The "shaft" was the entrance down to the vein of coal—the "adit," as the cross-word puzzlers know, but a term never used locally. It was always a "shaft." It could be called a well but was always square and the dimensions were suited to accommodate the size of the "cage." The "cage" was the elevator car. It was the means by which men, coal, mules, and machinery were—lowered or raised—hoisted, sometimes "histed"—from the surface to the vein or vice-versa. It was constructed so as to be guided by vertical rails, one on each side of the shaft.

Over the shaft a timber structure, called a tippie, was erected, topped by a large grooved pulley. The tippie was not more than thirty feet high. It was well braced, especially toward the engine room. A steel cable extended from the top of the cage, over the top pulley, at about 45 degrees to a drum, some three feet in diameter, in the engine room. The drum was geared to a steam or gasoline engine.

A system of signals from the bottom to the engineer informed each of the intention or wish of the other to lower or hoist and whether the load was men, mineral or whatever. Coal was "shot down" or "picked" down by the miners at the face, drawn by mules to the bottom, hoisted, and dumped into a chute near the top of the tippie. Then it came tumbling down, "minerun" ready to be sold to the "wagon trade."

There were not many shallow-shaft mines near Eldorado. Eldorado began "big" with "deep-shaft" mines. But that is another story!

Because the terrain of the Eldorado Community is so nearly level there was never any mining of coal by the outcropping, slope—sometimes called drift—or shallow-shaft methods. But there were plenty of mines sunk to the No. 7 or No. 5 vein which was to a

depth of 400 feet or over.

Mines were known by the company name plus a number. Often reference was made by number only. The mines in operation within or near the city of Eldorado were O'Gara No. 8, No. 10 and No. 11—all within the present corporate limits of Eldorado. Locations of other mines were: Grayson, three miles southeast; Wasson, three miles southwest; Dering, three miles west; and Seagraves, one mile north. Eldorado men worked at these and other mines all over Saline County, by the thousands.

All the above named mines were located on railroads serving Eldorado and were known as shipping mines, although each mine had facilities for loading wagons (and later trucks) with coal for local use.

"Empties" was a term for the railroad cars ready to be loaded with coal. Long trains of empties were brought from the north and west and the number of cars needed was left on siding or spurs to be switched, usually soon after the day's work was done at the mines.

At each mine there was a "high track" built upon a slight grade. The empties were switched to the high track and left with brakes set, ready to be filled the next day. When the "black diamonds" were hoisted, one car at a time would be released, stopped under the tippie chute just right for coal to tumble into the forward end. As the car became loaded, usually to overflowing at the front, it would be released for a few feet at a time and when full, allowed to drift on down grade on the low track.

At the close of day along came the switch engine and crew with more empties and to take away the loaded cars which were later added to those from other mines to make up the long-train, referred to as a "coal drag," headed for the distant market.

The railroad cars were of all sizes, shapes, and colors, and bore the names of every railroad company of consequence in the United States. They were heaped with coal. The rails were at first light, then replaced with heavier steel, the roadbed inadequate, therefore allowing dips and often breaks in the rails, especially during the thawing season. As a result, the tracks were literally black with coal that had spilled over the edges of the cars. It was not uncommon for families to acquire sufficient fuel for the year by picking it up along the tracks.

The drags were often double-headers, that is, drawn by two steam locomotives. The size of the engines increased as the traffic became heavier and the roadbed improved. As the drags rumbled along, the click-click of the wheels passing over the Big Four and L. & N. crossing could be heard for three or four miles, as could the

whistle be heard for every country-road crossing along the way.

It was a lot of noise, music maybe, for it was the song of industry, pay checks, homes, new neighbors, good business for the butcher, the baker, and a new kind of candlestick maker.

Eldorado was no longer a village. Mining made it "The City of Eldorado."

MINING — THE MEN

Part III

Many changes were brought about in the community by the mining industry. Most of the changes were for the improvement of the area. That was certainly true of the influx of the families attracted to Eldorado by the mines. While many jobs were taken by local residents, men from the town and from the farms, by far the greater number of miners were newcomers. They were all welcomed, and happy to be so greeted and treated. Among them were foreign-born. It is the latter group with which this column deals.

They were from many countries but chiefly from England, Scotland, Hungary, Austria, Italy and other South Asiatic and European Countries. They wanted to be, and were, encouraged to become a real part of the community. They learned the language, adopted the customs, and supported the churches and schools of their new home. I never heard one criticism of America and I had no serious problems in school with their children. Perhaps they appreciated the opportunities of America which the native-born too often take for granted. They took naturalization status just as soon as possible. We pay tribute to all of them.

Their culture, and even expressions from their language, merged with, and made important contributions to the new way of life, so that Eldorado became a striking example of the "melting pot" of peoples and traditions.

Each family had its colorful, yet sometimes rigorous, background. The abbreviated history of the Romano family is typical of the history of our new neighbors and good citizens. The author is grateful to Mrs. Libby Romano Young, a daughter of the family, who lives near Libby, Montana, and is a reporter and columnist of no mean ability. She has written long letters about her family and her devotion to this community.

Grace and Salvatore (Sam) Romano, having heard of the wonderful country, left Italy and came to America in 1905. The family lived in Missouri, Kansas, and Michigan, where a son,

Warren, has been on the state police force for 25 years and where another son, William, served for 20 years in the House of Representatives and is now a State Senator.

The family's first home in Illinois was in Du Quoin where they operated a grocery store. The next move was to Wasson. Another son, Orlando, lost his life in World War I. Dering Mine Community was their next home, where they built a large house with a store in front—"Sam Romano Staples and Groceries." Libby wrote of many fond recollections of dozens of neighbors with whom they exchanged visits, enjoyed outings, and attended church and school.

The ingenious Sam built a carbide lighting system. The family gave their American-born children English names and converted other names to English equivalents. Their store was a typical country store and a meeting place for people young and old. He also built an outdoor oven of brick capable of baking twenty loaves of bread at a time for family use and for sale. Somewhere along the line he constructed and operated a spaghetti factory.

Libby wrote interestingly and in great detail about her memories of hobo camps, gypsies, home brew, milch goats, credit between pay days, strikes, mine disaster, hay rides, Model T, birthdays, 4th of July celebrations, earthquake, deep snow, school, but mostly about people. The men with whom Sam worked were "Buddies," neighbors were truly neighbors, and friendships of many years ago are held fondly in her memory.

The history of the Romano family is typical of the manner in which the foreign-born appreciated their new, and somewhat strange, environs in this community. The places of usefulness filled by them, their children and their children's children, in the community and the commendable manner in which the nativeborn gladly and proudly received them, reflect the highest honor upon both segments of the people of Eldorado.

This is the spirit of Eldorado. This is the American way of life!

READY! FIRE!

When the unscrupulous writer's "ink" turns to "stink", the "trash" should be turned to "ash."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Much of the color of the past has been forfeited for the convenience of the present.

ADDITION

Luck is the meeting of preparation and opportunity.

RALEIGH

Early History — Part I

Let's go to Raleigh, Illinois. People have been doing that since 1847, when the Village was platted on October 21st of that year. In fact, people have been going by and living near or at the site long before that date and that is not considering the Indians. Saline County and Raleigh came into being as legal entities the same year, February 25, 1847 and October 21, 1847, respectively.

By the time when Saline County was created, 1847, the frontier had receded westward and many travelers, using the Kaskasia Trail for their "Super Highway," found the area between Eldorado and Raleigh well suited for making camp for over night or longer. The land was neither rugged or swampy. There were settlements along the trail. Watering places, such as wells and streams, were available. Some of the wells that were used by the pioneers are yet in existence. Block Houses along the way provided protection, and an opportunity for socializing. Wolf Creek and Bethel Creek Primitive Baptist Churches had erected houses of worship. The people, some of whom had been settled in the area for thirty years, were friendly, at least there is no record of foul play at the expense of the immigrants, such as prevailed nearer the Ohio River.

When Saline County was carved out of Gallatin County it was not a matter of secession. The citizens in what is now Gallatin County were willing for the division to be made. The rapidly increasing population, coupled with the necessity of making long trips from the areas of what is now Stonefort and West End, over poor roads, and by wagon or horseback, posed many problems. Then, too, there might have been the fear that the county seat would be moved to a point more centrally located. The latter is pure speculation. But county seat sites have been changed.

One of the first matters to be decided by the new County of Saline was the selection of a site for the seat of government. Two sites came in for consideration. One was Robinson's Ford, situated about where the Big Four Railroad crosses the Middle Fork of Saline River, between Muddy and Harrisburg, although neither municipality was in existence at the time.

The settlement, later to be named Raleigh, was chosen. The record seems to indicate that the fact that there was a grist mill there had something to do with the decision. The mill was located at about the point where the Eldorado-Raleigh Road intersects with Illinois No. 34, at the west edge of the Village of Raleigh. Other

factors which may have contributed were the Kaskaskia Trail, the upland character of the terrain, and probably more effective, was the fact that the first meeting of the commissioners' court held for Saline County had present, David Upchurch, James Stricklin, who were commissioners, and James M. Gaston, who was appointed clerk pro tem. These men lived in the immediate area.

The name Raleigh was chosen arbitrarily but tradition has it that it was named for Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. Doubtless some of the prominent families living nearby came from that part of the country.

Not much time was wasted between the creation of the county and the platting of the Village of Raleigh. The surveyor was P. A. Sloan. The land was donated to the County of Saline by Andrew Musgraves and Hannah Crawford. Forty-one lots and a "Publick Square" were defined. The only streets in the original plat of the village were those which bounded the Square namely, First North, First South, First East, and First West. One wonders why the names of the donors, commissioners, or other prominent families were not chosen. The Village Hall now occupies part of the Publick Square.

The plat was recorded November 6, 1847 and acknowledged by the commissioners on the same day. Raleigh, Illinois, the county seat of the County of Saline, and the county itself were realities and were ready to do business. And that is just what happened.

A GOOD PATTERN

The warp of worship and the woof of work may be woven into a wonderful pattern for worthwhile living.

ENDURING FRIENDSHIP

The magnet of friendship does not cling long to the brass of boasting.

KEEP IT CLEAN

All of us are born with noses and names and one of our biggest jobs is to keep both of them clean.

DANGER AHEAD

Don't get caught in the middle—whether in a swift stream or in a family fuss. You may not land where you thought you would.

CONTENTS ARE IMPORTANT

It takes just as much postage to mail an empty envelope as to mail a friendly letter and more time to tell an idle story than to extend a cheerful greeting.

RALEIGH

Early History — Part II

After the county seat had been located and Raleigh was surveyed and platted, the lots were offered for sale, on credit, with an initial payment of 10%, the balance on terms of six, twelve, or eighteen months in which to pay, with promissory notes given as evidence of good faith. Fifty notices printed and "one insertion" was placed in the Wabash Democrat and Gazette, designating November 15, 1847 as the day of the auction sale. Henry Gardiner, David Upchurch, James Stricklin, and Jacob Smith each advanced \$1.00 and Samuel Elder and John Barger each advanced Fifty Cents to pay the cost of advertising. All were later reimbursed. The first recorded sale of lots was for lots number 29 and 36, which sold for \$23.00 to William Burkhart. Lot No. 20 was reserved for a county jail.

The first session of the Commissioners' Court for the new County of Saline was held on October 11, 1847. James Stricklin and David Upchurch were associate Justices of the Peace. H. C. Burnett was elected clerk and Archibald Sloan was appointed surveyor.

At later sessions of the Commissioners' Court other interesting items of business engaged the services of the county officers. Hannah A. Crawford received \$2.12½ "for boarding hands while engaged in laying off the lots." William Car, George Bond, and William Stricklin were appointed commissioners to review, mark out, and locate a road to run from Raleigh "to the notched trees" on the Saline-Williamson County line. This was the first road in Saline County established by any other manner than by usage.

The Kaskaskia Trail already traversed the county. It ran northwest from Shawneetown by the blockhouse at Equality by the Brown blockhouse (near the Wolf Creek Primitive Baptist Church House), to a range of hills north of Raleigh, to the Karns blockhouse (near Bethel Creek Primitive Baptist Church House), by the Gasaway blockhouse, thence to Old Frankfort, and terminated at Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois.

The county Court superseded the Commissioners' Court. The first session of the County Court was held on December 26, 1849 with Samuel Elder as the presiding judge.

Early administrative actions of the new court included matters having to do with taxation, issuing permits for enterprises, the care of the indigent, waterway improvements, the establishment of school and school district boundaries, and the adjustment of the debts shared with Gallatin County at the time of the separation of Saline

from Gallatin County. The tax rate was first set at twenty-five cents on every hundred dollars worth of taxable property, but six months later the rate was doubled. Village lot No. 35 was reserved for a public school or a meeting house.

Associate Justice Upchurch was authorized to procure "a suitable press and seal for the county court and circuit court to be engraved with suitable devices." Mr. Upchurch advanced the money for the purchase and was later reimbursed with interest at 6% per annum. Judge Elder was authorized "to procure a suitable stove and pipe for the county clerk's office to be paid in county orders."

In June 1849 the court ordered that lots in the Village of Raleigh remaining unsold, be sold for one-fourth the cost and the proceeds applied toward paying for the official court seals. In March 1850, the road previously ordered reviewed, marked, and located was declared a public County Road.

RALEIGH — Early History

Part III

The first meetings of the Commissioners' Court were held in private homes. The treasurer was ordered to pay A. Musgraves \$5.00 for the use of his house to hold court "up to the session, March 10, 1848" and "to pay Hannah A. Crawford \$5.00 for furnishing house to hold County Court for four days." Six voting precincts were defined and named, being Curran, Raleigh, Saline, Stonefort, Monroe, and Summerset (Somerset).

The jurisdiction of the Court included all probate cases, certain civil cases, and those criminal cases in which the fines assessed were not to be in excess of \$100.00. In 1849 the Commissioners' Court ordered the sum of \$1.75 paid to John Miller for "services in killing one wolf." So, there is good reason for the name, "Wolf Creek" to have been used. Soon after that payment, the Court decided that it was inexpedient to allow any bounty on wolf scalps. It also determined that it had no authority to pay for services rendered by supervisors of roads, yet the supervisors were required to place guide boards at the fork of the public highways. In lieu of payment, the supervisors were exempted from military and jury duties.

The tax collector was allowed \$53.04 as a part of his commission for collecting taxes, and James Burnett was paid \$85.00 for assessing the property of the county for the year 1850.

The first jail was constructed by that time, but within a year it was in need of repairs and Judge Samuel Elder was authorized to

superintend the repair work. James Baker, the jailer, was paid \$15.75 for "dieting a prisoner" and Martin Kittinger was paid \$1.75 for a similar service.

A mill dam was allowed to be constructed eleven feet high, that being considered a height which would not cause damage to adjoining property. In December, 1850, the first expenditure was made for the care of the poor. There was a payment of \$20.00 for the keep of one pauper. Jacob Smith received \$1.25 for hauling the books for Saline County from Shawneetown. The Treasurer reported in March, 1848, "\$3.00 in the treasury and none paid out."

At the next session of the legislature after the division, the action of that body voided the separation of Saline from Gallatin County, but the people ignored the action and proceeded to hold an election which legally re-established the two-county set-up.

The renowned Robert (Bob) Ingersoll occupied two buildings for his office. One was located about where the Raleigh School now stands, the other, which stood until just a few years ago, was located one block north of the public square. An abstract of title for some acreage in our possession in Section 10, Eldorado Township, shows that Mr. Ingersoll was the first owner of the land, securing it from the County of Saline in 1855 and that in 1856 he mortgaged it for \$68.00 to pay the drainage tax.

It wasn't very long until objections began to be heard that the location of the county seat at Raleigh was not centrally located, being only six miles from the north edge of the county. However, the courthouse and jail had been built and local residents hoped that the buildings would keep the location established. In spite of the effort, the agitation increased.

In 1852, at a meeting held in Old Liberty Church, a committee was chosen to select a more centrally located site to which the headquarters of county administration might be moved. After due consideration, the committee selected the present site, what is now the center of the business district of Harrisburg. At that time there was no Harrisburg. The little settlement of a few houses was referred to as "Crusoe's Island."

Despite the loss of the county seat, Raleigh survived and has enjoyed a very colorful and historically important place in the development of the area. Yes, Raleigh survived being weaned from the mother which gave it birth.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

"To have and to hold", it is well to remember,
Is all right for love, but not for an ember.

"School Daze"—1881-1899 RECTOR TOWNSHIP

During the past few days it has been my job and pleasure to move, from one storage room to another in the courthouse for Mr. C. R. Gardner, Co. Sup't of Schools, a great accumulation of old school records, such as Treasurers' Records and Attendance Records, etc. The volume of such records is staggering to contemplate. Of course many more have been lost or discarded but, fortunately for my pleasure, there are some dating back to 1881. I may find even older records as I continue the sorting, labeling, and filing of this material.

This column is based upon the record of the Rector Township School Treasurer, which I found to be quite complete in detail, carefully recorded, in excellent penmanship (if not in spelling), extremely interesting to me, and I hope to many readers. The first entry was "Balance From Old Book." How I would enjoy looking over "The Old Book."

What riveted my attention were the entries of payments to the late J. C. Dodd, my father, for teaching the Clary School, term 1890-91 at \$24.00 a month. He continued to teach there through the 1893-94 term for which his salary was raised to \$37.50 a month. He also came back as late as 1899 for I remember that year I was five years old and my brother, Lestal (deceased) went to school with him a few times during that fall.

Names of other teachers employed in schools of the township, (sometimes for as little as \$20.00 a month) were A. W. Hausser, John Haley, Marcie Cox, Florella Van Trease, Robert Wilson, W. F. Wilson, E. M. Morris, and Edna Burnett. The last name is one now possessed by our own dear Miss Edna Burnett, carrying on the great tradition of teaching in the Eldorado Elementary School System.

Some School Directors in Rector Township Schools were: John F. Brown, T. W. Young, B. L. Faulkner, G. W. Camp, John D. Dewese, and A. J. Hayes. The treasurer's name was A. B. Porter and W. J. Dodd, my grandfather was "Collector for Eldorado." I know there are many relatives of those named above who now live in this community. If any such relatives or friends wish information more in detail, I shall be glad to furnish any data available.

Another thread of interest was the cost of fuel for the school stove. The stove cost \$4.50. The fuel was wood and cost from \$5.00 to \$11.76 for the year. Imagine my surprise to find that the first record of coal for fuel was in 1885, \$4.00. One entry was "1886, mining and hauling coal—\$5.00." Likely this was coal from an out-

cropping on some farm in Cottage Township. In 1885, \$1.30 was paid for "Register and bucket"—probably a coal bucket. In 1884, payment for "Digging Well, \$11.00", and \$16.35 for "Walling Well." Mowing school ground in July 1900, \$1.00.

There was at least one salesman on the ball, for while the teacher was paid \$175.00 for five months' service, the Directors paid \$108.40 for lightning rods. In 1895 and 1896 two districts paid for flag poles. I wondered about this until Mr. Auda Stone informed me that about 1892 the "Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag" was adopted so how could the "scholars" pledge allegiance to the flag without a flag? Of course there had to be a pole.

The Clary school house is yet standing, located about 5 miles due north of Eldorado and is used for farm storage. It was erected about 1882 and cost \$403.40. Many similar facts may be gleaned from other township records.

THE COUNTRY STORE

Part I

Where can one buy a buggy whip, cotton plow lines, or 13½ yards of calico for 87c? In the Country Store of 100, or even 75 years ago. The Country Store was a necessity until the dawn of the automobile and good-road era came into our lives, and pocket-books. They ranged in size and importance from the small unpainted shack to the huge stores serving all the needs of many people and handling everything from a 1c cedar pencil to the largest farm implements and even burial supplies.

While there are a few yet to be seen they do not dot the countryside as once they did, are largely novelties, are not the institutions of those of years ago and their "stock in trade" is a far cry from that carried in Bain Store in Texas City, Goddard and Cain Store at Bankston, (some five or six miles west of Harrisburg), or the most imposing of which I have any knowledge—Webb Hill Store, between Benton and Ewing.

On my desk as I write this article is "Day Book A" of the Goddard and Cain Store, with entries from December 15, 1862 to April 8, 1865, and "Day Book" of the Bud Bain Store, in which are charges and payments from December 26, 1894 to July 13, 1898. These books have been donated to the Saline County Museum by Mr. Aubrey Giles and Mr. A. A. Moore respectively. The books are certainly museum treasures!

The "Kobweb Korner" with which this article is concerned

will be the Bain Store, since more Journal readers will be interested in the store that was near by.

There are 163 charge accounts in the Day Book for the 3½ years covered. One can only guess the number of customers and the traffic were cash customers taken into consideration.

Some of the names with which Journal readers are either acquainted or are related are: Oscar Cox, G. W. Camp, Clayton Carpenter, F. M. Cox, J. C. Dodd, Charley and Marshall Endicott, Harvey Gram, Lorenzo Gains, Benjamin and W. F. Garner, J. J. Hausser, Elvis, John, Abner and Ajax Hayes, Albert Hausser, Adam and Dave Hafford, Julius Johann, Joseph and Ollie McReynolds, Fred Maloney, Seth and George Nelson, Willard Overton, John Riley, Simon Reeder, Thomas Reeder, Amos Wilkerson, Lawrence Woods, Lee Wilson, and Charley Etherton.

Almost without exception accounts were paid in full. Mr. Bain seemed to know to whom to extend credit. To "run" an account was no stigma, for as you know, you will recognize that some of the most prosperous families' names appear on the "Charge list."

My father, J. C. Dodd, was teaching the Texas City School at least part of that time and he had one of the smallest accounts, 48c, in December, 1894. That represented about one-half day's pay. I wonder if that were my first Christmas present. Anyway he "Pd. by Cash" a few days later. Another customer's account ran from April to the following February, total, \$20.50, with one credit during that time, "By 1½ doz. eggs @ 6c—9c." The final settlement was made by note, as were many more. One note was for \$2.30.

A few of the articles sold, mostly passe, and the prices charged, and they are entirely passe, were: Meat, 11c; Pepper (grain), 5c; calico, 6½c; cotton plow lines, 20c a pair; 3 prs. hose, 30c; watermelon 5c; ½ box oysters, 8c; shoe thread and wax 15c; Barlow knife, 15c; earmuffs 10c, (payment made by two installments of 5c each); sealing wax 5c; raisins, 5c; and many, many sales of tobacco, sheroots, "cole" oil, lamp wicks, and patent medicine. These are just a few listed to reflect needs and prices.

The smallest sales were for crackers 1c, and pencil, 1c. The most regular customer was a man who made settlement for his account by his Pension Check, \$36.00, which he received twice a year. Sometimes an account was also kept in his wife's name. She paid with farm produce, usually eggs and butter.

SPARE TIME-AN INVESTMENT

When people grow old enough to deserve spare time, they are fortunate if wise enough to use it properly.

COUNTRY STORE

Part II

Last time we were concerned with particular reference to the Bain Store. The storekeeper was Mr. "Bud" Bain. Part one dealt mostly with the phase of "stock-in-trade," prices and quantities sold. But of course there is the other phase, as all customers at all times are fully aware. That is, how to make payment—"settle the account." Some of the manners of settlement may be quite revealing, even helpful to the merchant as well as to the customer. But I doubt that today we would be able to approach the variety of settlement or would be willing to receive credit at such low prices as were then the rule. On the other hand, all would be happy to be able to acquire the merchandise at the prices then charged.

The items, other than cash and notes, offered to Mr. Bain in payment of charge accounts, are listed in categories with prices allowed by the merchant in most instances.

CREDIT BY SERVICES RENDERED:

(The first list of services is of those rendered by one customer—probably a widow—and I must say she was quite versatile.) Making 21 yards of carpet, \$2.10; quilting comforter, 50c; tacking quilts, 35c; washing three quilts, 30c; washing, patching, sewing.

CREDIT BY SERVICES BY MEN AND BOYS:

Painting at \$1.00 a day, plowing, spading, helping kill hogs, paper hanging, cobbler work, making quilting frames, barber work, blacksmith work and hauling. Goods that were hauled included straw, wood, water, coal, and shockfodder.

The barber was Mr. Fred Maloney. Mr. Bain got a shave once a week for 10c each and a haircut twice a month at 25c each. However I remember when I got big enough, or smart enough, to realize that my father wasn't the best barber around and that my haircuts didn't quite measure up to those the town boy got, I went to Mr. Maloney's shop and got the job done for 15c. The blacksmith was Mr. Seth Nelson.

Another service was cutting ice. In those days there were ice-houses, made with some ten or twelve inches between the outside and the inside walls which space was filled with sawdust. They kept ice quite a while into the late spring or early summer. The ice

was sawed from creeks or ponds in the dead of winter. There are a great number of credits recorded for picking chickens and geese.

CREDIT FOR FARM PRODUCE

Honey, 15c a lb.; goat meat, 5c a lb.; squirrels, 5c each; rabbits, 3c each; fish, 5c a lb.; pigs, \$1.00 each; old hens, 3c a lb.; roosters 10c each; spring chickens, 7½c a lb.; and eggs, 4c a doz. Sometimes as few as two eggs were brought in to apply as a credit.

Other farm products included: corn, 20c a bu.; turnips, 16c a bu.; berries, 15c a gal.; and wood, 60c a load. Credits were allowed for the following, but I could not determine the price per unit: Irish and sweet potatoes, "punkins," peaches, apples, melons, pickles, radishes, cabbage, "rostenears," and tobacco. Hay, not bales, was credit at 30c per cwt.

Miscellaneous credits were for coal at 4c a bu., pasture for horse, 35c a month, and a school picture, 35c. Also, "for keeping two men over night \$2.00." A few times the record was, "Settled by Death."

As was often the case with other country storekeepers, Mr. Bain extended his services into other areas. He did a bit of bank radishes, cabbage, "rostenears," and tobacco. Hay, not baled, was One could, and I have, had a lunch at the store. It consisted of crackers, with cheese, bologna, or oysters. It was the loafing place where many matters of little or great importance were discussed. There are so many humorous stories that are yet told relative to the Texas City Store. The Country Store was quite an institution in its day!

WOLF CREEK

To almost anyone for whom Wolf Creek has any meaning, it is either the Church or the Cemetery, or both. These connotations may be dealt with in more detail at a later date, but in this column the author aspires to record several other uses of the name and to discuss points and matters of historical and traditional interest which relate to the area around the Church and Cemetery.

In the first place, Wolf Creek was and is a creek. Now, there is but little water carried by the creek except during rainy seasons but more than likely in pioneer days it was much larger and carried enough water to be important for early settlers who stopped to make their homes in the area and those who drove on.

It runs from the northeast to the south and southwest. It is deepest and with steeper banks where it runs across just west of the United Cities Gas Company's Sub-station at the foot of the hill on

the east side of the church property. It was probably named by early settlers or surveyors from the animal, as were the cases of Bear Creek, Fox River, and plenty of other geographical points and features.

In the early days the Indians had deer traps on the east side of the Wolf Creek hill. They were constructed by setting poles, sharpened at the top, into the ground at the most precipitous part of the bluff. The hill was surely steeper than it is now. In fact the writer can remember how frightened he was when, as a child, his father would drive the team hitched to a wagon down the steep side of the hill to be in the shade of trees during the church service. The deer were chased out of the forest along their regular trail or run and forced to leap from the bluff only to land impaled on the sharp poles.

The Goshen Trail at the present site of Eldorado was a little north of Ill. No. 142, and passed through the Ira Williams property. Later a brick kiln was located on this property along side the trail. Mr. Williams dug up some pieces of hand-shaped and wood-burned bricks from the kiln site just a few days ago and gave the writer some of the pieces. The roadway, cut deep by years of travel, is clearly discernible at this point today.

From the Williams property the Goshen Trail continued north-westward, passing thru what is now the Wolf Creek Cemetery and the clearest sign of the trail may be seen in the old part of the cemetery, some 100 yards west of the flagpole. At this point the first building for Wolf Creek Primitive Baptist was constructed of logs and burials were made near by. The church was organized prior to 1830, perhaps in 1829.

About half a mile west of Wolf Creek was the Brown Blockhouse, which was a feature of most new settlements, since it provided some defense for the settlers against marauding Indians and wild animals. Something like 100 yards east of the cemetery and at the edge of the trail there is now a well which dates back to pioneer immigration days. It was a public watering place for settlers and wayfarers.

Wolf Creek was a very important focal point for settlers and travelers long before Eldorado became a village.

MORE DANGER AHEAD

Idleness is like quicksand. One can sink out of sight in either.

THE END

No task is ever completed by doing only part of what remains to be done.

E.T.H.S. CREATED

Part I

Near the end of the 1964-65 school term KOBWEB KORNER presented the picture of E.T.H.S. when it was only in the talking stage. Now that the new term is underway, it seems timely to follow up with a review of the ground work which soon resulted in the creation of the Eldorado Township High School, District No. 102. It is our hope that every one who is or has been a part of E.T.H.S. as pupil, teacher, or patron, will read this column and others to appear and that each one will gain a greater degree of appreciation for our good school.

The first tangible evidence of progress was the circulation of petitions to create the high school district, to construct a building, and to issue bonds to pay for site, building, and equipment. The election to establish the district was early in the spring of 1907, to elect a Board of Education, soon after the district was established by a large majority vote, to issue bonds, Dec. 14, 1907, and to select a site in April, 1908. I have often wondered how the election to establish the district carried. There were no public meetings, no circulars, no daily papers, no fanfare. It must have been that the people were ready for a high school. I know I was ready.

The first Board of Education consisted of five members. They were D. L. Wood, L. F. Wise, R. F. Jones, J. A. Watson and J. C. Dodd. Mr. Watson and Mr. Dodd were named president and secretary of the Board respectively. They issued and sold bonds and called the election to determine the site.

Three sites were offered without cost. They were the Read Grove (now Mahoney Park), the present site at the intersection of Illinois and Washington Avenues, and a site in High School Subdivision, which is east of the L. & N. and south of U. S. 45. The subdivision was prematurely named. The present site is located less than half a mile due west of the exact center of the township. The township boundaries and the district boundaries coincided.

There was some confusion as to the exact status of the new school. Many people referred to it as the "college." There was one street in the High School Subdivision named College St., just to be on the safe side. This confusion was responsible for the name, College Heights Subdivision, bounded by "University," Washington, Saline, and Illinois Avenues. The block on which the buildings stand, (with the exception of the new gymnasium), was donated by the late Henry Westbrook.

The next move by the Board of Education was to employ an architect, select plans, and advertise for bids for the construction of the first building, which came to be known as the Van Cleve Building, honoring the late M. T. Van Cleve, who was chosen to be the first principal of the new school. A four-room house was built to accommodate the family of the janitor, and a barn was built to shelter the horses and buggies which the pupils from the country used for transportation to and from school.

E.T.H.S.—THE FIRST BUILDINGS

Part II

The choice of the people for members of the Board of Education was most fortunate. Mr. Wood was a wholesale grocer and later founder of the Wood Way Stores. Mr. Jones was a contractor. Mr. Wise was a prosperous farmer with a knowledge of banking and had taught school. Mr. Watson was also a prosperous farmer and had served in various elective county offices. Mr. Dodd was a farmer and teacher and was rated highly in both circles.

I do not know with whom they consulted but I do know that each one took the responsibilities of office very seriously and devoted much time and thought to the performance of duty. I remember with what awe and delight I watched my father affix his signature to the bonds which had been authorized by the people.

After the architect was employed, plans for the building were chosen and bids were taken for construction. Soon after the contract was let, construction was started—just as early in the spring of 1908 as weather would permit. Mr. Watson was appointed inspector. I think he had served in that capacity when the courthouse was constructed in Harrisburg just a few years prior.

There was much interest on the part of most of the public as the new building took form. It was to be one of the most imposing buildings in the community. There were no streets near the site. Access to town for those living north of Eldorado was simply a country road where Main Street is now. There were a few houses in Saline City and the other residences were farm dwellings. The grounds were carved out of the Westbrook farm and shocks of hay had to be removed to make way for the new building. There were shocks of hay on the north end of what is now the football field when school started.

The people began to drive across the field diagonally from Main Street to see the new building. The corner stone was set in mid-

summer. I remember that I walked to town that day and on the way ate so many wild cherries that it made me sick. People assembled in great numbers to witness the ceremony. The stone had to be removed when the Dodd building was added in the early 1940's.

A few citizens were bitterly opposed to the high school and some of them drove out of the way to keep from passing the building but the opposition didn't last long.

The contractor agreed to have the building ready for occupancy by the first of September but he failed to meet the dead line. The building was not accepted until the first week in December 1908. But school started nevertheless.

But that is another story.

ANTEBELLUM ROMANCE

Part I

This true story is about a family named Gregg and of their descendants, many of whom live in and around Eldorado today. The first Gregg family to come to this part of the country came by boat, of course, a long, tedious, and hazardous journey. That was likely prior to 1800. Both of the parents of the immigrant family died on the boat, leaving several parentless children. A family named Riley took care of the children, not only until they reached America but as long as they needed care.

Sometimes families, unable to pay the cost of making the trip to America, were "bound or indentured" to some one who could pay their way but I doubt that such was the case with the Greggs. With or without money, the Gregg children needed help and the Riley family did the job. The fine Christian protection provided by the Riley family was gratefully remembered as reflected by the fact that several descendants of the immigrant Gregg children bore the name Riley as a part of their given names.

One of the immigrant Gregg sons settled near the point where Hamilton, White, Gallatin, and Saline counties corner, some ten miles north of Eldorado. It was the custom in pioneer days that those who died were usually buried on the farm, since no regular cemeteries had been established. The burial place for the Gregg family became not only a family, but also a community cemetery and is known now as the Gregg and sometimes as the Gaines Cemetery. It is on the farm now owned by Ralph Grumley.

I have a picture of the wife of one of the immigrant sons. I think her name was Martha, but the family has always referred to

her as Granny Gregg. One of their children was Rosa. There were several other children, both sons and daughters. The Gregg name still carries in Southern Illinois. The daughters and granddaughters of Granny and her husband married young men named Gaines, Bramlet, Douglas, Keasler, Haley, and maybe others. But we are here concerned with Rosa.

When Rosa was of marriageable age, there came riding out of the wilderness a young Southern gentleman from Georgia. This was prior to 1840. I wish I knew the particulars, the chain of events, that caused him to leave his parents' home, and what pleasures and hardships he endured on that long journey. One can only imagine. Perhaps it was for adventure, wanderlust, or even romance that urged him on. At any rate he arrived eventually in Southern Illinois and made the acquaintance of the Gregg family.

The young man's name was Meeks Haley. He was named for a popular Methodist minister in Georgia, Reverend Meeks. Meeks has been the name given to sons in the Haley, Bramlet, and Keasler branches of the family to my knowledge.

Boy meets girl—Meeks met Rosa. I suppose it was love at first sight, at least it was love. But here the plot thickens. The Mason-Dixon Line had to be taken into consideration.

Part II

As you have already read, the young Lochinvar from Dixie, Mr. Meeks Haley, arrived at the residence of the Gregg family, which family included a daughter, Rosa. Courtship, proposal, and acceptance followed. In those days it was the custom for the suitor to ask the parents of the beloved for the hand of their daughter in marriage. Mr. Haley took care of this detail, no doubt in the formal and flowery language suited to the occasion, and perhaps enhanced his request by the gracious manner in which lovers, and especially the Southern lovers, excel.

Mr. Gregg replied that he and his wife, Granny Gregg, esteemed their daughter's suitor very highly but that they did have some misgivings about a marriage that would unite hearts and hands across the Mason-Dixon Line. Although the time of this event was some twenty years before the beginning of the armed strife between the States, there were areas of disagreement.

Finally Mr. Gregg told Mr. Haley if he would agree to live in Illinois for seven years after the marriage with Rosa, that her parents would give their consent and blessing. Why seven years? My guess is that the Greggs were Bible students and remembered

the story of Jacob and Rachel. The gallant Mr. Haley agreed to abide by the stipulation.

The agreement was kept to the letter. For seven years Meeks Haley and his wife, Rosa Gregg Haley lived in Illinois. One of their children born during that time was the late Reverend John Haley, who in addition to being a minister of the gospel, was the editor of an early Eldorado paper, and a very prominent teacher in Saline County. Often after the end of the regular school term he taught "subscription schools" for the benefit of ambitious young men and women who aspired to become teachers. Many of them, including my father, J. C. Dodd, did teach. It was by the association with Mr. John Haley that my father met, courted, and married Mr. Haley's niece, Effie Haley, the daughter of Francis (Frank) and Frances (Fannie) Haley. All of that strange chain of events accounts for my interest in Granny Gregg, my maternal grandfather's maternal grandmother.

John Haley as a teacher was instrumental in effecting an organization of the teachers of Saline County, which is now very strong and active and is known as the Saline County Educational association. There are many descendants of John and Mollie Bradshaw Haley, living in or near Eldorado.

At the end of the seven-year-abode in Illinois, Meeks and Rosa and their three children moved to Mr. Haley's native state of Georgia, where two or three other children were born. The last child to be born in Georgia to Meeks and Rosa was the aforementioned Frank Haley.

Part III

At the end of the seven-year residence in Saline County, the Meeks and Rosa Gregg Haley family moved to Georgia where Meeks had been born and reared. The Haley family in Georgia was well-to-do. They owned much land and many servants. In spite of the less strenuous life brought about by the change from the rugged pioneer, to the more protective surroundings, Rosa was not happy so far removed from her parents and childhood friends. She was also afraid of the servants, and in addition, her health began to fail.

As a result of those developments Meeks and Rosa decided to move back to Illinois. This time Meeks' parents decided to come to Illinois. The caravan's youngest member was my grandfather, Frank Haley, then not more than three months old. The two families bought a large tract of land extending from Wasson to the Sutton Road and lying South of the NYC Railroad and about half a mile

wide, north and south. Their home was a large log house located on a rise about a mile east of Wasson, where the two-story residence known as the Fulkerson house now stands. The road across the railroad was named the Haley Crossing when the interurban service was inaugurated and a country school located just west of Memorial Gardens, was named the Haley School.

A part of the land later came into the possession of Frank Haley, another part was owned by John Haley, and a third part was owned by a daughter, the late Clementine Haley Serles. Mr. Serles and his brothers cleared much of the land that was then swamp, and operated sawmills there and later around Broughton. Part of the Frank Haley farm is presently owned by his youngest daughter, Mrs. Carrie Thompson. On this farm there was a rather steep hill, sloping down to a ditch. From the hill much sandstone was quarried for local needs. The ditch was later dredged and is known as the Black Ditch, which drains most of Eldorado. The hill was in much earlier day, an Indian camp site and burial ground. Many Indian relics have been gleaned from the area. The hill part of the farm now belongs to Mr. Frank Sutton.

My mother, Effie Haley Dodd, was the oldest of ten children of Frank and Fannie Haley. Of the ten children, only two survive—Carrie Thompson and Teora (Mrs. Ed) Read, the latter living in Alton. Many of the grandchildren, great, and great-great grandchildren of Frank and John Haley live in or near the Eldorado Community.

I have learned since the publication of the first installment of this story that the grandparents of Herman Riley, manager of the Halbersleben Indian Creek Farm, are buried in the Gregg Cemetery. There is no question in my mind but that was the Riley family which took care of the immigrant orphan Gregg children.

Meeks and Rosa Gregg Haley were also buried in the Gregg Cemetery on the farm where the romance began. No doubt the history of their pioneering experiences, checkered with love, hardships, sorrows, and service, is typical of many families which were important in the beginning and progress of this community. Ah, that the records were more complete!

WASTED EFFORT

There is not much use to write it if people won't read it nor to say it if they won't listen.

INSINCERE

Let's not countenance the sham of flattery, whether to bestow or to receive it.

HEREFORD

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER

Malachi Hereford (Hafford or Hofford) was one of seven Revolutionary Soldiers buried in Saline County. His grave is in the Dodd Cemetery one mile northeast of Eldorado. He was born of English parents from Herefordshire England, March 6, 1756, in Craven County, North Carolina.

He, like many of his comrades, served a series of short enlistments rather than one continuous period of service. There were five periods of service. For some of them he was drafted and for others he enlisted. He served a total of about eighteen months in the American Militia of the Revolution. His service was rendered in Georgia and in North and South Carolina. Much of the time his assignments were for guard duty, guarding military stores, supplies, and equipment and other property of importance to the American Military.

He served under Captain James Pierce (a relative of Franklin Pierce who later became President of the United States.) Other commanders of record were Captain Hardy Gatlin, General Robert Howe, General Franklin Lincoln, Captain William Winnicum, Lieutenant Phillip Neal, and others.

The struggle for independence lasted for six years and six months and ranged from Vermont to Georgia. Hafford's service was in the swamps of the coastal plains of Georgia and the Carolinas. Floodwaters, swamps, and marshes often were contributing factors to victory over the British. At one time Hafford and his comrades captured some negroes and rum from the British soldiers. They fought against the Hessians, the Tories, as well as against the regulars of the British military.

Diseases, such as malaria and dysentery, were prevalent. The soldiers suffered from the heat, lack of water, and other hardships related to marching and fighting in the wilderness of water and swamp. They suffered from parched lips and dehydration. Surgeons and medicines were always in great demand but inadequate to the extreme. Contagious diseases were rampant. Many of the men deserted during such trying times, but although Hafford was often seriously ill there is no record that he ever deserted. His descendants may take pride in being related to that hero of the Revolution.

Hafford volunteered for the third and longest period of his service. It was during that time that he experienced what is believed to be some of the outstanding events of his entire life. From the

"big swamp," he and his comrades marched to the Savannah River which is the boundary line of South Carolina and Georgia. They crossed the river at Augusta, Georgia.

After crossing there, Hafford marched down the Savannah and crossed the river back into South Carolina, marching until they came to Stono River. There they were stationed near where the British were at a fort on the Stono River. They then were marched through the country and were encamped at Bacon's Bridge where their picket guard was fired upon. When Hafford and his companions were marched from Bacon's Bridge, the British pursued them, sometimes so closely that they could not get time to cook. But they were reinforced and began a pursuit of the British. Then the British retreated at the fort on Stono River. He shared honors in participating in several other skirmishes with the "green coats."

The soldiers were paid \$5 a month, plus a bonus of \$5 for voluntary enlistment. The author has in his possession the gun carried by Malachi Hereford in the Revolutionary War. In all of Hafford's activity in the War against Great Britain, he was sure of only one date, because it was quite outstanding in his life. When he returned home after having received his fifth and final discharge, he arrived home on November 13, 1781. The reason that this date remained so firmly in his memory was because his eldest son was born the night before his arrival home.

MALACHI HEREFORD—

Early Settler

Malachi Hereford was the only Revolutionary soldier named Malachi. When he was finally discharged from the service and came home to his wife, as previously recorded, he was presented with his first born, a one-day old baby boy. The wife and mother, Mary Pierce, was the daughter of Tom Pierce, who was a brother of Franklin Pierce, 14th President of the United States. Mary was a school teacher but she didn't live long enough to be much help in her husband's education. He was never able to sign his name.

After the death of Mary, Malachi married Polly Turner, of German extraction. They lived for several years in Hereford's native Craven County, North Carolina. Several children were born to them. Then they moved to Sumner County, Tenn., where they lived for a few years. The next move was to Crittenden County, Ky., and finally to Saline County, then a part of Gallatin County, Illinois. In 1824 Malachi Hereford made application for title to a

parcel of land at the Federal Land Office in Shawneetown. On May 12, 1825, he received "Patent No. 103," which granted title to eighty-one acres in Section 15, Township 8 South, Range 7 East—East Eldorado Township.

The land is easily identified as being just north of the Dodd Cemetery, about a mile northeast of Eldorado. In reviewing the record of transfers of title to parcels of land in said Section 15, it was not until 1869 that any regular signature, other than "(X) His Mark," is to be found. Those signatures were by William Jesse and Hannah Dodd. They were my paternal grandparents. It is easy to understand why Malachi Hereford is found spelled in so many different ways. He didn't know when it was correctly recorded.

One of Malachi's sons was Jesse. One of Jesse's daughters was Nancy. She married Josiah Dodd. One of their sons was William Jesse Dodd and he married Hanna Stocks. Their eldest son was Joseph Charley (J. C.) Dodd, who married Effie Haley. Their eldest son is T. Leo Dodd.

I have the original No. 103 Patent, bearing the personal signature of President J. Q. Adams. I also have the gun carried in the Revolutionary Army by Malachi Hereford. Don't try to buy them—they are not for sale.

On Sept. 9, 1840, Malachi Hereford was issued a pension certificate, nearly sixty years after the close of the war. He died in 1844 and was the first to be buried in the Dodd Cemetery. In 1944, 100 years after his death, a government grave marker was secured by efforts of the late J. C. Dodd and the late Thomas Carder, and set to mark the grave of Malachi Hereford, one of seven comrades buried in Saline County.

In 1854 Josiah Dodd took title under the terms of the "Swamp Act" to a tract of land in Section 15. The "Swamp Act" was passed by the new State of Illinois in an effort to transfer the title from the several counties to individuals so that such lands would begin to be a source of revenue by way of taxes to meet the demands made of conducting governmental affairs. On Oct. 13, 1869, Josiah Dodd deeded one acre of land to his son, William Jesse Dodd, as Trustee for "use of the people for a public burying ground." Jesse Hereford and his wife Nancy were buried where the large oak trees now stand on what was the College Heights school ground, not many rods from our residence on Illinois Ave. The Dodd Cemetery will soon be 100 years old, but graves were opened there five years before the land was formally set aside for a cemetery.

It seems to me that quite a record of achievement has been

made by a man named Malachi Hereford, a man who made "His Mark" with a pen, with a gun, with an axe, and with a plow. His descendants should be proud to claim him as an honored and an honorable forefather.

ELEVEN, ELEVEN, ELEVEN,

EIGHTEEN — VETERANS DAY

It sounds like a quarter-back's signal but it isn't. It refers to 11:00 A.M. November 11, 1918, the day and the hour of the Armistice, marking the end of fighting in World War I. I remember that day! The victory had been won for freedom and liberty. The dictator had been overwhelmed. Hope flourished that the war just ended would prove to be the "War to End Wars." Celebrations were spontaneous. They occurred everywhere— in the villages, the cities, the churches, the schools. That day I heard a farmer, plainly dressed, deliver one of the most eloquent and impassioned tributes to the victorious Veterans of World War I that I have ever heard. The hearts of Americans were rejoicing. Soon the boys would be coming home.

But the end was not yet—is not yet. On December 8, 1941, some twenty-three years later, as principal of our high school, I called the students of E.T.H.S. into assembly and watched them as they listened to the Congress of the United States declare war on another tyrannical enemy. Another threat was posed for the liberty and freedom of America. Many of the boys and girls in that auditorium were in uniforms and some made the supreme sacrifice before World War II was ended. Since then wars have blown hot and cold from the police action in Korea to the present crisis in Viet Nam. Where is Peace? What is Freedom? Are they even secure?

Long ago Thomas Jefferson wrote a letter to a friend in which he said, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time." Abraham Lincoln spoke of that "nation conceived in liberty... It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion." No doubt both of these great Americans were recording for generations to come that the guarantee of freedom is never a finished task—"The tree of liberty must be refreshed." We do pray that it need not always be refreshed by the "blood of patriots."

Great among our freedoms and the first to be defined in the Bill of Rights, is the freedom to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. Men in tattered uniforms of the Revolutionary Army fought for this freedom, just as the Pilgrims, the Puritans, the

Friends, the Catholics, the Baptists and other denominations braved the Atlantic to enjoy it. Nothing is taken from the glory of the veterans of any war to remember and appreciate that ministers and laymen, even women and children endured abuse and privation that they might defend and enjoy religious freedom. They too, are "the honored dead." They, too, carried the torch of freedom, not only of worship, but of expression from oppression, for enterprise, family, home and person.

From Valley Forge to Saigon, from Whitehouse to humble cottage, from Alaska to Hawaii, the greatest concern has been, is and must continue to be FREEDOM. Citizens in uniform and citizens in civilian attire must continue to be alert. Children and adults, rich and poor, everybody everywhere must know the value of Freedom, speak up for it fight for it from pulpit to foxholes. Let us honor the Veterans of the past and be worthy to be remembered as Veterans when our day shall have become the past.

Last Thursday, Nov. 11, 1965, we Americans paid tribute formally to the memory of those having gone the way of all flesh and to the honor of those living among us who have worn the uniform of our military forces. We have thought particularly of "these honored dead." That is as it should be. But we have not done our full duty yet. We must continue to remember, to be grateful, and to prove our gratitude.

We have given some thought to the other veterans—those who waged the battles for survival of family, of American ideals, and against the odds posed by a wilderness. Where are those "honored dead," the pioneers who blazed the trails, cleared the land, reared their families, built their church and helped their neighbors? Many of their names are now unknown and many graves unmarked and forgotten, but by their fruits they are known none the less.

Our duty is to remember the great veterans of uniform and the homespun, and "to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us." I offer these verses which I composed in an effort to compact my message for you in these columns before and after Veterans Day, 1965.

It is not by a word, nor a page in a book,
Nor a monument in a park,
That we who are left and for whom they fought
Through the jungle, the sea, and the dark,
May begin to record that we really know
Any part of the price that they gave;
But by lives, from today, more determined to be

More worthwhile for the land they did save.
Much less by mere sermon, or prayer, or by song,
Be they not implemented by deed,
Are we, who profess to believe in the Lord,
Being faithful to follow His lead
But be ye the doers of God's holy word,
Is the counsel divine, clearly penned.
Let us make our vows now, in the House of the Lord
And go forth to pay vows to life's end.

—T. Leo Dodd

A POOR BARGAIN

To gain man's favor and lose God's
Is barter worse than gold for clod.

LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

Some people who claim to have lost weight could find it with a rear-view mirror.

TOO TIRED

How does one rest when he gets tired of resting? There are ways, such as hobbies. Try to find them.

CORRECTION, PLEASE

The pencil is mightier than the pistol. Then, too, the pencil errors may be erased. Too often the pistol is also an "eraser".

IT HURTS

Did you ever notice that the finger that gets sore is the very one you need right away? The same is true of a friend.

LUBRICATION

Training is the oil that makes the machinery of talent run smoothly.

MORE ADDITION

Ability plus application equals achievement.

READING LESSON

Big print and little print. Skip the former until the latter is mastered.

ANOTHER DIMENSION

The fourth dimension of character is eternity.

MUSIC LESSON

The name of our town could mean "The Music". El-do-ra-do. It is certainly music to my ears.

JEST FOR FUN

My father's family, Dodd, was English. They were not devoid of a repertory of "old Ed'ards sayin'." Their witicisms and stories were often philosophical and subtle. Aunt Mary Dodd Skelton, the mother of Cousin Ben Skelton, was the funny one in that family. Now you know where Ben got his wit. Uncle Joe Skelton, Ben's father, was a funny man, too, and inclined somewhat to the practical joke. My brother and I prevailed upon Aunt Mary to tell the "Cat Story" many, many times. It went like this.

"When your Uncle Henry (Dodd) and I were little boys the old cat got to catching chickens. Ma told Henry and me to kill the old cat. We caught her, I held her on the chopping block and Henry cut off her head. (Aunt Mary would pause at this point to let the little boy reference soak in.) You know cats all have nine lives. Lo and behold, the next morning the old cat came up to the kitchen door carrying her head in her mouth." I am still a little confused by the picture conjured by that story.

Uncle George was the youngest of that family. I can remember when he was a big fat boy, a little lazy and more than a little mischievous. One day he tried Grandma's patience a bit too far and she ordered him to go to the orchard and bring in a switch. He was gone a long time and when he returned he had, not a switch, but a club. He handed it to Grandma and said, "Here, Ma, just beat me to death."

Uncle Henry and the late Ed Slow were the closest of friends. The story is that they always bought suits exactly alike. One time it was discovered that Henry's suit had some sort of flaw in it. Ed took his suit back to the store because it didn't have a flaw like Henry's suit.

Mr. Slow had a story that he told at the expense of four generations of the Dodd family. According to the story Will Jesse (Grandpa Dodd) was like many young men of his time, somewhat errant and even given to profanity on occasions—especially when he was irritated. But Will Jesse changed his ways and became a very devout Baptist. I can testify to that. Yet at times, especially when plowing in the new ground amid stumps, roots, sprouts, and with a contrary mule, he would be moved to the strong language of former days. Yet remembering his devout determination he would say, "Not as I would say, But as my son Charley would say ****." In later years the characters in Mr. Slow's story moved down with the succeeding generations. For a while it was Charley and "my son Leo," then Leo and "my son Tom." I suppose if Mr. Slow had lived until now

it would have been Tom and "my son Harris Frederic."

What a great story teller—Mr. Slow. I could tell you how he and Palmer (Pete) Reeder connived against me. They tied up a box very official like addressed it to me. Mr. Slow was the Express agent at the time. I picked up the box when he notified me that a package was there for me. I had to pay the express from Vienna, he said. It cost nearly one dollar. When I opened it with all the family around, it was full of pig tails.

My father didn't tell many stories. His sports were hunting, fishing and trapping. I never saw him take part in any sport, except baseball when he was teaching country schools. Then he pitched for both sides, called balls, strikes and outs. There were no "rhubarbs" under those conditions. There were plenty of outs on strikes. Father was in control of his school, indoors and out. He often said, "If you can't control 'em, you can't teach 'em." I am inclined to think he was just about right.

PETER CARTRIGHT SLEPT HERE

Peter Cartright was born in Virginia, September 1, 1785. His parents were poor. His father was a soldier in the War for Independence. Soon after the close of the conflict, the family moved to Kentucky, near Russellville, the County Seat of Logan County. At that time the area was inhabited largely by refugees from the law from the colonies and harassed by unfriendly Indians. Mr. Cartright later wrote of it that it was a "desperate state of society."

In 1801 at the age of sixteen Peter Cartright was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and in 1802 was "liberated to preach." He soon became known as "the boy preacher." By 1803 he was "riding a circuit" in Kentucky.

He had but little formal education, the main part of that being a short period of attendance at an Academy, but his command of language and his keen ability to evaluate a situation indicated that he was a fine intellect and an ardent student. No doubt his dedicated parents guided and assisted him and he learned as he listened to the great pioneer preachers of several denominations.

He rapidly became widely known and highly respected. He was ordained to the full work of the ministry and assigned duties in larger and more distant circuits extending into Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio, and finally into Illinois. He was fearless in his defense of his denominational tenets and sometimes quite stinging in his attacks upon the practices and doctrines of other denominations, even to the point of ridicule and insult. But he and his denomination had

no monopoly on this practice in those days.

Mr. Cartright was married August 18, 1808. There were several children born to him and his companion even before they left Kentucky. The family neither believed in, nor could afford slaves. In fact, Reverend Cartright preached strongly against slavery and urged that the members of the denomination, and especially the deacons and ministers make arrangement to liberate their slaves just as soon as possible. He was often criticized for his stand on this subject but he was never deterred from what he considered his duty by such criticism. His family was sometimes referred to as "poor white trash."

He became impressed with the propriety of moving north. As he traveled about in his ministerial service he was ever on the look-out for a suitable place to which he would later bring his family. He decided upon Sangamon County, Illinois, which at the time, 1823, was the most northern settled part of the Illinois prairies. He paid \$200.00 for a double log cabin and the claim. The land had been surveyed but not offered for sale by the State of Illinois.

In the fall of 1824 the Cartright family left Kentucky to make the journey by wagon and team to Illinois, a distance of 300 miles as a crow flies. It is this journey which prompts me to write under the subtitle of this column.

Having crossed the Ohio River, the family followed the old trails, Goshen and Kaskaskia, to our community, where the trails divided. Just before they were getting out of the hills of Southern Illinois and into the level land, the wagon was overturned, causing a long delay in righting the wagon, repairing the damage, and re-loading their effects. They traveled on a short distance but because it was late they did not set up their tent but slept about the camp-fire. During the night the fire spread and caught into a small tree which appeared to be sound but proved to be decayed at the heart. About daybreak the tree fell across the body of their third daughter, killing her instantly.

The Cartridges were among strangers but had some friends in Hamilton County. The body of the little girl was placed in the feed trough and taken about twenty miles to the home of the acquaintance in Hamilton County for burial. The old trail ran just west of the Dr. William F. Johnson residence east of the intersection of U.S. 45 and Dewey Street, just north of the Pemberton Grocery on Illinois Avenue, and then to McLeansboro, somewhat along the location of Illinois No. 142.

These bits of information, gleaned from the autobiography of Peter Cartright and other sources, sustain the statement, "Peter

Cartright Slept Here.”

The Cartright Cemetery is near McLeansboro but the grave of the little girl is not in that cemetery.

The tragic experience which befell the great Reverend Cartright and his family, stirs deep feeling of sorrow and sympathy for them as I read and write of the episode which occurred in our community over 142 years ago. Thank God for Peter Cartright!

CHURCH HISTORY

SOCIAL BRETHREN

There will be no effort made in these columns to deal with the history of all, not even many, of the denominations represented in this community. However, since the Social Brethren had its beginning in Saline County and since the sources of information are denominational records it seems fitting that this column be devoted to a recounting of the beginning of that denomination. The organization will soon be 100 years old.

“ We met together on the 29th day of August 1867, and organized ourselves into a body or church. After being organized we proceeded to elect officers in the church for the transaction of church business, which was done in a regular form.”

On that day Francis Wright was elected moderator of the church for the day and Hiram T. Brannon was elected clerk for the day. Also William J. C. Harrison and Hiram T. Brannon were elected and ordained ministers in the church. Hiram T. Brannon was elected to serve as clerk for a year.

The first sermon for the denomination was delivered that day by Rev. William J. C. Morrison, his text being, “Behold The Man.” Some time that day, whether before or after the sermon is not clear, Confession of Faith, Rules Governing and Defining the Operation of Churches, and Rules of Decorum, were adopted. It was a busy day.

In 1900 Elder John (Jack) Poppins was moderator of the 28th Annual Session of Southern Illinois Association and F. P. Wilson was Clerk. Both were from Eldorado. The Association was held with Pee Dee Church, which was situated about two miles southeast of Eldorado just off the present site of Route Ill. 142. In 1903 the Association was held at Shiloh Church about three miles north of Eldorado. Elder D. A. Lewis was clerk while Elder Poppin continued to be the moderator. The latter was the pastor of four churches in the Association at the time. In that year it was moved and carried

that each church's corresponding letter be accompanied by \$1.50 where the membership was under 40 and an additional 25 cents for each additional 12 members.

Church reports from five churches showed that they had paid their ministers amounts ranging from \$14.40 to \$51.35 for the year of pastoral services. One church had a pastor from June to September and paid him \$3.00. There was one other Association, Union, having 11 churches and 514 members with nine ministers and three licentiates. All churches in both Associations were located in Southern Illinois.

Of the names already mentioned, the author remembers clearly, Brannon, Lewis, Wilson and Poppins. Other names which are listed as committee members and whom I remember are Elmer Shaver and W. C. Neal.

Rev. Robert Dawson, who was born in 1846, became affiliated with the denomination. He was prominent in the Saline County Centennial, preached at Wasson when he was 100 years old, and he, assisted by the writer, solemnized a wedding at the Centennial Celebration. He lived to the age of one century, one year, and one day. I visited with him often and he is my authority for the statement that the Social Brethren Church was organized as such near the Eagle post office on the boundary of Saline County.

Today there is a third Association, Midwestern, which includes churches in Northern Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. The tenets and order of the denomination remain almost as they were at the time of organization. I suspect that the ministers receive more money for their services than they did in 1900. I hope so.

SIGN LANGUAGE

We should believe in some signs, especially those that spell S-T-O-P, on the highways.

SPACE AGE

Just how advanced are we in this space age? Didn't some of our ancestors "hitch their wagon to a star"? The "cow jumped over the moon" long ago.

HALF WIT

The battle of wit can not be won with just half enough ammunition.

TOO SWEET

Some words are like molasses. The right amount at the right time is all right, but too much is sickening. Take "Darling" for instance.

TEXAS CITY

Where was Texas City and how did it get its name? In the first place there is not now a Texas City. The name of the village we call Texas City is legally Texas Station and is many years younger than its predecessor.

There are two stories as to how Texas City settlement came into being. They differ but little. One is that one family started out with a one-horse wagon, bound for Texas. The horse died when they reached what is now the northeast corner of Saline County. The other story is that a wagon train consisting of several families undertook the trip to Texas and that at the location, either illness, accident, or the sheer task of the long journey to the Lone Star State influenced their decision to seek a suitable location and found it where Texas City later came to be a defined village.

Judging from the names of families which show up in the record I believe that they must have started from Southern Indiana. At any rate, the location provided all the essentials for settlement, namely, forest, stream, fish, game, and fertile soil. The place of settlement was about a mile east and a little distance south of the present site of what we refer to as Texas City. Older people, some of them still living, who were acquainted with the history of the area refer to the two settlements as Old Texas City and Texas City. That is something like Shawneetown and Old Shawneetown. The reason it was given the name was in deference to the original purpose of going to Texas.

Prior to 1860 there began to be rumors that a railroad would be built through the area. The first survey indicated that it would be built through the property that had been purchased or staked for claim by the first settlers. Some of the citizens were quick to recognize the potential. It would be a boom, a stroke of good fortune. The steam locomotives would have to have a water tank from which water could be taken for the next leg of the journey. They were right about the water. When the railroad was completed there was a water tank at the North Fork of Saline River about a mile north of Texas Station. I remember it well. Mr. Teegarden had the land and he had it in the contract that he would be the tank custodian. I remember many instances when long coal drags would have to be disconnected from the locomotive when it had run short of water and it would go on down to the tank to take on more water, return and take over the long string of coal for the trip north.

On September 8, 1859, The Plat of Texas City was drawn up and filed. The survey was "at the expense of John W. Cox, Solomon

Skelton, and William John Skelton," who were referred to as "proprietors." The plat was in the NE¼ of the NE¼ of Section 36, which is the southeast section of Rector Township.

There were thirty-four lots, each 50x100 feet and one Out Lot, triangular in shape which lay north of the other part of the village. The west line of the Out Lot ran northeast to southwest to parallel the right-of-way of the new railroad. Just below the Out Lot was Mill Street, no doubt named for its proximity to the water-driven grist mill which is known to have been there. When I began to study the map I assumed these things to be true and later today have had them confirmed by people who know. The only north-south street was Mechanics, which threw me as far as clues are concerned, unless there were a blacksmith shop and this was a high-sounding name for the enterprise. Streets were 66 feet wide.

When the railroad was finally located about a mile west, it was a death blow for Texas City, but Texas Station sprouted up from the roots. So the influence to the State of Texas is perpetuated by the name Texas City in Saline County, Illinois.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER

October 7, 1862

A short time ago, I was privileged to read and make copies of a very interesting and informative letter. It was written by a soldier in the Civil War. His name was Sam Van Horn and was a brother of the grandmother of Mrs. John Boyett of Galatia. She gave permission to use the letter in this column:

"Oct. 7, 1862. All Right. I am on guard today again, so I have time to write. The 96th regiment is going to move to Cincinnati, Ohio.

"One of the 92nd regt stole a blanket or two the other day. They took him up and made him forfeit 7 dollars and turn a grindstone 7 days. So you see it ain't best to steele blankets.

"I have not got much to write. Abraham (Sam's brother) can tell you all the news but I got my picktor taken and I can't keep it verry well, so I have to send it home. If I could have kept it till I fond out when we go, I would have done so. It ain't a verry good one but I guess it will do. Sam."

The letter itself is very interesting and a treasured heirloom. However, there are many interesting things which may be read between the lines. For one thing, seems as though the penalty was rather severe, especially when it is remembered that he "forfeited" at least a month's pay. The grindstone! I remember that as a lad I

had to turn a grindstone sometimes for about an hour while father sharpened the sections on the mowing machine blade. I shudder to think of 7 days at the job. The Mr. Van Horn and his compatriots must have been busy all the time, since he had time to write only while he was on guard.

The paper on which the letter was written tells a couple of stories. It was rather fancy note paper, even for today. This reveals that there were hawkers around the camp, as there have always been since then, ready to peddle their wares. The note paper was a beautiful color-reproduction decoration and the colors, red, blue, and black, are still very bright in spite of the passage of 104 years. This must have been in the very early days of color reproduction. The scene is of a soldier, embracing and bidding adieu to his sweetheart, with other figures in the scene, including an older man, little girl, a dog, and a farmhouse scene. Beneath the picture is an excerpt from the song, "The Girl I Left Behind."

The reference to the "picktor" is a reminder that photography had just experienced a remarkable breakthrough at the time of the Civil War. Sensitized glass plates had taken the place of the "tin-type." Mathew B. Brady is famous as the first war photographer. He was responsible for the first photographic coverage of war. He covered the subject from induction to battle and from private to president. He was personally present at the Battle of Bull Run, Gettysburg, and others and was under cannon fire at Petersburg.

He was born in New York State in 1823. He became acquainted with Samuel F. B. Morse, who taught him the technique of daguerreotype, which technique he perfected before he took to glass plates. He had a studio when he was twenty years old and made it his business to make photographs of many famous people. He made pictures of all presidents, beginning with John Q. Adams, and all to and including William McKinley, except Wm. Henry Harrison, who died about a month after taking office.

Mr. Brady spent \$100,000 on equipment and the supervision of a team of photographers, who covered a vast area of military engagements. The job ruined him financially and he never knew how famous he was to become. He died in the alms ward of a New York hospital in 1896, bankrupt and unknown. Now his negatives and original prints are almost priceless treasures in museums and private collections.

One wonders if Mr. Brady personally made Sam Van Horn's "picktor." One also wonders if Sam Van Horn realized how important his brief letter, in which he had "not much to write," has come to be 104 years later.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND"

Three events have taken place in our neighboring Village of Raleigh since January 20 which are of more than casual concern. They are the recent death of the venerable Mr. Frank Arndt at age 94 and the sale of two Bradshaw stores. These events triggered my calling upon some of the families concerned and about which more will be written later.

While visiting Elliott and Ruth Widick, Ruth, who is the daughter of the late Frank Arndt, showed me a letter written by her grandmother, Mrs. Mary E. Cain nee Burnett to her sweetheart who was James Leonadis Cain, serving in the Civil War. The letter was written in beautiful script, with some bad spelling and grammar, on embossed note paper, and is quoted in its entirety below:

Near Raleigh
August the 15, 1864

Mr. Cain:

Your kind note was received last evening and I will hasten to answer. I had just given up. I had come to the conclusion that you was not going to answer my last note. The soldiers are having a happy time here now. Tha seem to enjoy their selves so well. Their has ben a ball game once every week since tha returned. There is to be a dinner given there the 16th and a ball at knight. There is a great excitement up now. The guerillas are crossing the river above and below Shawneetown. Most every man went from town yesterday that could get a horse and gun. I never saw such times before. I heard someone say that in Eldorado that the people was so excited that tha wrang the bells and the women and children just walked the streets and cried. I don't think it was so bad in Raleigh. I hardly think that the guerillas will come to Raleigh. Tha may but I hope tha won't. I think that their will be a wedding in town before the soldiers go back. I heard that Bill Craven was going to marry tomorrow to Miss Marriar Dayton. He has been over to see her and she came home with him. The report is that tha are going to marry tomorrow. I hope that tha will ask me to the wedding. I have not been to a wedding in so long a time. Andy Elder has gone to see his parents and most every boddy says that he never will get back alive. I fear he will be killed for the times is bad over their. He said he was going if he did get killed. Their will be a association the 4 Sunday in this month. I guess you will get home in time to go. I expect I have wrote more now than you can read. If I could only write good I would not mind writing letters but I am

such a poor writer I am always ashamed to try to write a letter. On yes, that clause in my letter I thought I did write the reason why the Dr. would not let me see the letter. The reason was this, I had a spell of the brain fever and I was very low and the Dr. said it would injure my eyes to read. I am very sorry I done so but you will excuse me. I guess you notest my mistake in dating the letter. I asked some of the girls what day of the month it was and tha said it was the 21st and it was the 15th. I guess that this will be the last letter I will write for you will be at home in a short time. For fear of wearrying your patience with my mistakes and bad writing will close. Excuse all mistakes and bad writing for this is wrote in hast. This leaves me in good health, hoping it will find you the same when it comes to hand. I will now close hoping either to see you or hear from you soon.

Your with respect
Mary E. Burnett.

There is no more excellent source material than that letter. I had never heard of the presence of guerrilla invasion in Saline County, nor had I known of any local effort to encourage and entertain the soldiers while at home on leave. These features are brought into bold relief by this letter.

Between the lines, the letter, with all its formality, is rich in romance. The reader today must chuckle at the subtle reference "I haven't attended a wedding in a long time." No doubt that line and others urging her soldier sweetheart to write more often were seeds planted at the right time and place. Mr. Cain got the message it seems. At the end of the conflict the two were married and reared a large family, "Near Raleigh, Ill."

Eight of the twelve children lived to adulthood. Some of their descendants now live in Saline County, several in Union County, Illinois, and others at more distant points. The best information I can gather is that Mrs. Cain was a sister of Milton Burnett, who was the father of the late Herman Burnett of Eldorado.

FORWARD, MARCH

Work is the fuel which drives purpose toward success.

BEFORE THE BLAST-OFF

He who would probe the upper and outer space must be well equipped in his upper and inner space.

HAPPY RETURN

Happy-go-lucky may come back sad.

PEDDLERS

Up to about fifty years ago there were two kinds of travel and travellers that are not seen any more. They were the gypsy wagon trains and the pack peddlers. Good roads and automobiles account for the passing of the gypsy wagon trains. The same factors plus modern merchandizing account for the disappearance of the peddler.

The word "peddler" means a walker or one who uses his feet, such as in riding a bicycle, but to the farm family, the peddler was an itinerant merchant who walked through the country carrying a huge burden of notions and novelties for sale. Often he walked on the railway and took side trips to the nearby rural homes to "peddle" his wares.

The point of origin of the peddler in America seems to have been Boston, which was an important port of entry in colonial times. When ships came in, the peddlers bought their stock of wares from the ship cargo and often directly from the sailors, who became adept at selecting aboard the items suited to the peddlers' particular favor. It was only the brave and hardy souls who were willing to tote the heavy burden along Indian and animal trails through the raw wilderness of mountains, marshes, rivers, Indians, and wild animals to reach the distant small settlements where their prospective customers resided. However, more than a few peddlers became quite wealthy, some of them engaging in the import business. Some owned large stores and some owned their own ships.

Within the memory of such as the writer, the peddler had an easier life by comparison. He could walk the railway any time and the country roads in better weather. His stock in trade comprised small notions, such as needles, pins, thimbles, thread, combs, brushes, perfume, silks, patent remedies, flavoring, handkerchiefs, table linens, and similar items. His visit was always a delight for the children.

Some families strongly resented his coming and often rudely sent him away without ceremony. Others were glad to have him come in and display his wares. He was expert at making an attractive display and extolling the merits of his merchandise. He was a good judge of human nature and when the occasion demanded, he had an asking price and a taking price.

Our home was near the railroad and on the Eldorado-Carmi main road through the country. We saw all the gypsies, the peddlers, and the tramps or hoboes. Mother was courteous to the tramps, usually gave them something to eat, but she was rather leery of the gypsies. She nearly always allowed the peddler to come

in although she did not always make a purchase. She would sometimes exchange a good meal for any items she wanted. The peddler would eat at our table if it were near meal time or take the bag of food along with him. I think mother was about as sharp a customer as the peddler encountered.

I remember how charmed I was by the contents of the peddler's pack and how I wondered how he would ever be able to get all wares back into the cases, and how he would be able to carry his load down the road. But he knew his business. He was one of the Passing Americans.

JUST IN CASE

One should work with a spare-tire philosophy—have a course of action in reserve in the event of failure.

LOOK!

All months of the year are blind except April. Only it has an I (eye). Maybe it is looking at the beauty of spring. Friday is like April.

DITTO

You should have saved your 6's for a recent date. The first Monday in June, 1966, could have been written 6-6-66. I remember that I wrote a letter years ago and dated it 12-12-12. There will be no opportunity to write a date by the repetition of two digits until October 10, 2010. Oh, well.

APOLOGIES

And what is so "bare" as a day in June—especially at the beach?

CRASH—NO ONE HURT

Don't side-swipe a good idea. Hit it head-on.

SPELLING LESSON

H	H
FRANCIS	FRANCES
S	R
	S

BACKWARD AND FORWARD

The story goes that Adam wrote this note of introduction to Eve. "Madam, I'm Adam." Eve wasn't such a good reader, so she spelled it out from right to left, but I think she got the message.

DAD'S DAY LETTERS (1950)

TO DAUGHTER LOUISE

The Maker took a lot of time when He designed your mold.
He figured every line just right, and every part, I'm told.
And when the mold was all complete, perfect on every score,
He said, "I'll take a lot of care what into it I pour."
He looked around and color found for hair and eyes and skin,
In shades just right for day or night, and poured the color in.
When on the heart He made a start—a masterpiece in gold—
"To Love I'll dedicate this heart, to love, to have, to hold."
Now love has done a lot of things, the world to stop and start.
It never made a bigger load of sweetness than your heart.
The Maker viewed His masterpiece.

'Twas quite complete, save tone.

"What can I find to dress it up? The 'Precious' cup alone."
And so with trembling hands He brought the

"Precious" cup around.

He tipped it up, the "Precious" cup so glad it had been found.
Now just one drop is quite enough for ordinary mold,
But trembling hands were trembling more.

He poured all it would hold.

So that explains why you're so sweet,

Your eyes and hair so bright,

And why I love you daughter dear. You're just exactly right!

TO DAD by LOUISE

What a lovely compliment your letter paid to me!

I thought to toss it high and fling it wide for all the world to see.

But its contents, too precious far; the tale of love it tells.

I'll wear it for a charm instead, to cast off evil spells.

I'll don it as a cloak to warm my secret soul—

More lovely than an ermine cape, more glamorous than a stole.

And just before my lipstick when I'm going to a dance,

I'll touch it lightly to my lips to catch my favorite trance.

My feet will barely touch the cloud on which I walk, and mine

The rapture of a bridal toast, from such a heady wine!

'Twill be a bond, a star, to guide, to teach humility;

A shield to hide the faults you can but will not see.

I'll hide it in a secret place, deep within my heart,

And then, when no one's looking, take it out and read a part.

"Knock, Knock." "Who's There?" Opportunity!

THE SALINE COUNTY MUSEUM

Saline County and all of Southern Illinois have not only within reach, but actually in possession, a very, very rare opportunity for an outstanding community area institution—The Saline County Museum. It has great potential as an adjunct to the formal education provided by our fine schools, for the attraction of tourists, the enjoyment of our citizens, young and old, and the preservation of artifacts which reflect the mode of living and the manner of making a living by the pioneers and by the later generations in this area, in days gone by.

First, let me tell you what has already been accomplished. The Saline County Historical Society has a 99 year lease on a building and some ten or more acres of land. The property is what used to be "The Poor Farm," located at the south edge of Harrisburg, just south of the Housing Project, and about ½ mile north of U.S. Route 45. The building is a two-story structure with full basement.

By virtue of donations of time and money, a few thousand dollars, the building has been completely overhauled, redecorated, and modernized. The late Louis E. Aaron provided by his will a sizeable fund to be used for this purpose. Many others have made important contributions. The program is now going on but many more people should become actively interested.

The Society meets at 7:30 P. M. the first Tuesday in each month, usually in the Museum Building. There are always very interesting programs presented and later light refreshments are served. In the months of mild weather, quite often the meetings are picnic or potluck affairs, and held in various communities, schools, churches, and parks, when and where local history and lore determine the character of the programs.

There is a special Museum Committee. Since the acquisition of the site, mentioned above, two other buildings have been erected. One of these is a double, two-room log house; the other a log barn. These buildings were donated by the Bransford Coal Company and were originally erected by the ancestors of Mr. George Aydelott perhaps two or three generations ago.

The buildings were photographed on the original site, logs and stones were numbered, moved to the Museum property, and re-erected just as they were before being moved. They are now in excellent condition. The rooms of the dwelling are very large and

there is a huge fireplace, of native stone, in each room. The barn is arranged, as one would expect, with space for farm animals, feed, harness, and what is most unusual, with a threshing or "thrashing" floor. A few—all too few—old farm implements for the barn and barnyard, and implements and furniture for the residence have been acquired. The crying need is for more and more. The grounds and buildings have custodial care.

So much has been done! So much more is yet to be done! What remains is the easier part but it will require the assistance of many more people. This is an urgent appeal for YOU to make some contribution. Here are some of the ways by which You may help.

1-Join the Society and attend meetings as regularly as possible. Dues range from 50c for pupils, \$2.00 for adults, to as much more as benefactors, individuals, and organizations may wish to contribute.

2-Contribute artifacts. This is a term less imposing than it sounds. For the Saline County Museum it could mean anything from a butcher knife to a threshing machine—anything that was, but is not now, in general use. Thousands of such articles have been junked. I venture that three out of four families have items stashed away in the attic, basement, or barn, dozens of such articles which have no practical use or value to the owner. Why not donate them to the Museum where they will be preserved and render a fine service again? Why not, I ask you.

Mr. John Allen, so well-known as the best authority on tradition, lore, and artifacts of Southern Illinois is also an authority on Museums and has been and is of great assistance for the Museum. He has compiled a list of some 1000 articles that would be most acceptable at the Museum. Family heirlooms are not expected to be given, yet they would be gladly received and preserved and will be exhibited, with credit given to the donors. Only in extreme cases will the loan of articles be accepted, because of the liability involved.

But gifts will be received, yes, gladly. Each article donated to the Museum will be reconditioned if necessary, catalogued, tagged with donor's name, and exhibited from time to time. We should have much more to display than can be displayed at one time, so that there can be changes of displays made and thereby make profitable and pleasant many visits by the same person or group. Donors will receive certificates giving credit to the donor. The Museum is interested not only in artifacts relating to the home or the farm, but to business, profession, and industry.

The author gave a program including a discussion similar to this column, and displayed from his private collection many things related to the schools of years ago, and a few articles reflecting the home life of the family. This program was the PTA meeting of West Ledford School, January 12. It was favorably received. Several articles were contributed at that time. Now that the parents and pupils know what is needed they promise to give many other articles. It is hoped that each school may be visited with similar effort and result. The West Ledford parents, pupils, and teachers will be specially invited guests at the February meeting of the Society. If many help, much can be accomplished and each one can have a pride in the knowledge that he has a part in the Museum.

Many people from Saline County have visited the "Farmer's Museum" in Cooperstown, N. Y. This is the town where the "Baseball Hall of Fame" is located, but although I am a baseball fan, the "Farmer's Museum" was much more interesting. Our Museum likely will never achieve the importance or fame of that institution but we can reach it much more readily.

Think what an opportunity for impressive education for the History classes of our schools to be taken to the Museum when more exhibits have been arranged. It is now worthy of a trip to see what is already there. Here, in the future it is hoped that relics from the past—from days of the Indians down to now, including the corn picker, which is rapidly being displaced and made obsolete by the corn sheller, can be made objects lesson in history and subjects of general interest.

"IT'S FOR THE BIRDS"

I mean it! Very few hobbies can be so rewarding and involve so little expense as an interest in birds. Last year I printed on one of our many wren houses, "For Rent For A Song." Right away tenants moved in and paid the rent many times every day.

I do not claim to be an expert on this subject but by being an amateur, what you read in this column may be more encouraging for some to begin, and others to continue to cultivate an interest in these gay little friends.

There are three kinds of birds from the standpoint of when and how long they are around these parts. 1-Some stay all year. 2-Some stay from early spring until cold weather. 3-Some just pass through. If you study them a little you get so you feel acquainted with them, sometimes even individuals.

The things to do to encourage many kinds of birds to come to your house are to provide food, water, and at proper time, nesting places. What you need to assist you in studying or watching birds, to recognize and to appreciate them are: 1-A bird book, such as "Field Guide to the Birds, Eastern and Water Birds," by Roger Tory Peterson, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1960 or later. It contains 300 pages, 1000 illustrations, of which 500 are in full color. 2-A comfortable place for the watcher, like at our house, the chair at the breakfast table, overlooking our small back yard. 3-Binoculars. I suggest that you try out this item before purchase. Suit yourself as to the price range. 4-Time. Never mind, you will find that.

Birds are hustlers, but if you will feed and water them nearby they will hustle where you can enjoy them.

For the bright spot in the bird cafeteria all you need is a container, like a coffee can or clay flower pot, (with drainage) about quart size, mounted on a post, preferably an iron pipe, about 4 or 5 feet above ground. Keep a supply of yellow shelled corn. The iron pipe prevents cats from climbing up. Soon you will be rewarded by the presence of cardinals and bluejays. The jays gulp the corn, but the cardinals crack it up. Sparrows can't eat whole grain corn but they are usually around to pick up some of the pieces dropped about when the cardinals are at the cracking business. I have never seen a starling eat corn. Some people hang out corn on the cob but the birds have to work harder for their food than when it is shelled.

For the sparrows and starlings we have a flat shallow pan fastened atop another iron pipe in which we keep a supply of suet and almost any table scraps. To prevent the piggish fellows from flying away and usually dropping big pieces to the ground which dogs and cats retrieve, we cover the feeder with 1-inch chicken wire.

The downy woodpeckers haven't been here this year but have been regular boarders heretofore. But we are ready for them. Their feeder is made of scrap lumber, about the size of a cigar box, maybe not so deep. It is covered with 1-inch chicken wire, nailed to one edge and hooked to the other over nails so that suet may be put in when the supply diminishes. The feeder is tied to a tree some five feet above the ground and some 25 feet from the house. Those bright redheads like to flit around on the branches, sorta slip up on the feeder, and always keep dodging around with an eye for prowlers. The feeder is suspended with the front, vertical facing the watcher, of course.

For the birds smaller than the English or house sparrow, such

as the chick-a-dee, nuthatch, or song sparrow, the feeder is a cage, made with solid wooden bottom about 12 inches by 15 inches, around which a fender, like a lath, is nailed to prevent the birds from scratching the food out of the feeder. The sides and top are made of 1-inch chicken wire and should be about 12 inches high. Suspend it from a strong branch. This keeps out the gluttons—starlings and common sparrows—for you would be surprised how far down the starlings can extend their necks and beaks to get at the food on the bottom. The little fellows are fond of nut kernels like hickory, walnut, and pecan. When we pick out kernels for our use we leave the hard-to-get pieces in the shells. Never mind, the birds will clean them out.

If you want a good show, tie a piece of suet the size of a walnut, by a 6-inch to 8-inch string at the end of a limber twig, away from other branches. The little ones will light on it, hang on, sometimes upsidedown, while the twig will not support the larger birds. You may have to experiment with this.

When the ground is frozen or snow is all over, throw bread crumbs or table scraps out in a clear place. It won't last long. I think doves like to find their food, shelled yellow corn on the ground, but I have not had much luck with doves. Too many cats, maybe. Birds won't eat pop corn unless it is popped.

Water, especially in dry weather, should be kept handy. They like a shallow bird bath like those at pottery markets. In this area, usually enough ice melts to furnish drinking water every day, but in bitter weather warm water should be made available. When it was so dry for so long late this summer we had a flicker come regularly for his drink.

I leave this for the last for you may not want to do it. But I cannot deny the sparrows. There are so many kinds of sparrows that I think it pays to feed all of them for the pleasure of seeing a rare one once in a while. Their feeder is made of a gourd some 6-inch or 8-inch in diameter, from which I have cut out a section the shape of an orange section, about 3 inches wide in the middle and tapering to a point at each end. The cut is made half way up on the gourd. The top keeps out rain, although there is a hole for drainage in the bottom. The bottom half is supplied with cracked grain such as is sold for chicken feed at local feed stores. The birds do scatter some on the ground but they get that later.

Sunflower seeds, certain flower seeds, lettuce seeds, left in the garden are sought by many migratory birds passing through.

Hal Choisser has been feeding birds for years. He knows much more about this subject than I. He has dozens of regular boarders

including many doves and sometimes even quails. Dr. Bryant, Ridgway, took to bird care and study some years ago. He has the most elaborate equipment, the greatest number and kinds of feeders, nests, houses, the greatest knowledge, and even a retreat in a beautiful wooded area, and by the same token gets the greatest pleasure from his many feathered friends. He has recordings of many birds' songs and calls.

For a Christmas gift, a robin came to the cafeteria on December 24th, also December 31st.

Now to you: If you haven't tried this pleasure, just try it. It will grow on you.

"It's for the birds," and for you.

A CHRISTMAS LESSON

"They departed into their own country another way."

These words constitute the reference made in the scriptures to the Wise Men from the East, who among many others, came to pay tribute to the baby Jesus. The Wise Men represented one of the many segments of the cross section of those who came to Bethlehem. They were wise men of means. Other were shepherds, priests, young, old, rich, poor, great or humble. And so it is at this Christmas season of the year when people from every walk of life pause to pay tribute to the Savior, cradled in a manger.

May we today compare ourselves with the men of wisdom and learn from them a lesson taught by their experience.

There was a time in their lives when they had no knowledge of the eminence, and perhaps little, if any, concern, with all their wisdom, with the impact of His coming into their lives. However, in due time, the news, the message of the Savior's birth, came to their ears. This message they heard, they believed, and immediately began to translate their convictions into actions. As is usually the case, was then, is now, there came interruptions, temptations and sometimes even danger between the time of decision and the time of deed.

Herod, the king, having heard, not only of the new born King, but also of the plans of the Wise Men to journey to Bethlehem, commanded them to return to him with exact information as to where Jesus was so that he, Herod, could go to pay his tribute to the infant Jesus. Of course, the later record proves the infidelity, hypocrisy, and the jealous fears that were harbored in Herod's mind. Should the purpose of the Lord be thwarted by this ruse? Shall it now? "Whatsoever His soul desireth, that He also doeth"

was then and is now the answer.

One may imagine the character of the discussion and decision the Wise Men made. Here was tested their wisdom indeed, as they evaluated the importance and the consequence of conflicting influences in their lives. Should their future course be determined by the king or by the King?

Having seen the Christ Child, rendered their formal praise, and presented several gifts at his feet, they wisely "departed into their own country another way." May each of us during this Christmas time set our course with similar wisdom!

We do have our own work to do in the world. But if the Christian religion is to be most effective it will make for us much better lives. We must "depart (return) to our own country (the responsibilities of our lives) another way," in Christ-like way. Whether in the office, store, factory, farm, home, community, at work, at play, we must continue to be guided, day after day, by the impact of the reality that "unto us this day a Savior is born." May we reappraise the value of our lives, and the wisdom "depart into our own country another way."

Religion is not like a garment to be worn only on special occasion, then put aside for another occasion of formal religious important. It is a way of life, another way, the better way. It should overshadow every work and every deed. It is not a great burden to bear. The Christian life should be the most happy, the most blessed way of life.

With this conviction your author wishes each of you "A Very Merry Christmas" and "Peace On Earth," among men and nations. P.S.—We hope we have brought some little lesson from one of the "Korners."

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

Profanity is a strong sign of a weak vocabulary.

LESSON IN FRACTIONS

Half a loafer is worse than no loafer.

BIG WORD

I like that word LOVE. It has so much in it. LEO is in LOVE. The "V" stands for our five children and their families. The word in its entirety stands for God, family, friends, and Eldorado.

WHERE THE POWER IS

Thunder never killed anybody. It's the lightning that has the power. Results are not achieved by talking about it. Effort is required.

"CLOCKWISE"

The tick of the clock tells it's running,
The hands tell the hour day and night,
The main-spring provides it with power,
But it has to be "set" to be right.

Yet even with that, it may waiver,
Get running too fast or too slow,
So there's a device for adjustment
To keep it in proper tempo.

We people are like these timepieces.
We speak and we know we're alive.
With muscle and mind we are powered,
Equipped for life's strenuous drive.

Fine character sets and determines
A good course of life to pursue.
With God's help and our application,
Our lives will be useful and true.

IT WON'T WORK

You can whitewash a fence but that will not keep it from falling down.

A HARD WAY TO GO

A five-hundred-dollar saddle on a "plug" horse neither betters the animal nor guarantees the journey.

TIME TO RETIRE

If one practices retiring early at night he may not have to retire so early in life.

THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT—

I do not "swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth", about the fish I catch nor about our grandchildren.

KEY WORDS

There are "key" words within the word "FLATTERY" and "COMPLIMENT". One is "flat", the other is "ment" (meant).

"YOU'RE OUT!"

A spout is for "out" whether a feature of a pitcher or a braggart.

NONSENSE

There is seldom any "sense" in absence from duty.

JEST FOR FUN

Do you remember the radio days of Lum and Abner and how Lum frequently came up with "an old Ed'ards sayin'?" Most families are similar to the Ed'ards family. Over a span of two or three generations almost every clan acquired a wealth of peculiar expressions and novel experiences. Many of them were humorous. For my money, the humorous sayings and the stories of events that actually happened are much funnier than the tailor-made variety.

My mother's family (Haley), was Irish. Their wit was spontaneous as all who knew them can remember. They didn't try to be funny but they were funny. They always saw the funny side of things if there were a funny side of a situation. Mother could relate a true story of events that stemmed from family or friends at a moment's notice. The story we encouraged her to tell most often was incidental to a very "hard winter" for the Haley family.

When mother (Effie Haley) was about ten or twelve years old, fire destroyed their house, clothing (except what they were wearing that night), furniture, and everything else except the smokehouse and its contents. The late W. A. (Bud) Moore and family were close neighbors. Mr. Moore took my grandparents to town and bought bolts of goods from which grandmother and the neighbor women made dresses for the children. Little boys wore dresses until they were four or five years old. There were three or four children and mother was the oldest. Mr. Moore allowed the family to move into an empty house on his farm.

The Haley family always had lots of company. Grandma was a good cook but that winter, much of the food stuff having been destroyed, it was sometimes a problem to prepare a "company dinner." Sugar was scarce for every one and used quite sparingly. Grandpa couldn't afford any at all. Most families depended upon wild honey and sorghum molasses for sweetening food. Fortunately for the family, the 30-gallon barrel of molasses was in the smokehouse the night of the fire and they had that, and only that, for the sweetening ingredient.

One Sunday there was a house full of company. Grandma got the company dinner just about ready and told Effie to take the molasses pitcher to the smokehouse and fill it for the dinner. Imagine mother's surprise and horror when she discovered that the cover for the barrel had been left off and an old hen was almost completely submerged in the molasses — just her head and neck could be seen. Mother knew the family could not afford to lose the molasses, hen or no hen.

Mother always pushed up her sleeves when she told how she lifted the old hen, dripping molasses, set her in a tub, filled the pitcher, took it to the table and said nothing about the old hen. Mother ended her story with the old Ed'ards sayin', "What you don't know won't hurt you."

CHURCH HISTORY

Wolf Creek Primitive Baptist

The first Primitive Baptist Church in America was founded in September 1701 in New Castle County, Delaware. The church is still active and is known as the Welsh Tract Church. The charter members all came from Wales. The next three churches of the faith were founded in 1715 (location unknown) at Halifax, N.C. in 1742; and in Page County, Virginia in 1743.

As the population increased and people moved westward through the Cumberland Gap churches were organized inland in the states of Tennessee, Kentucky, other Southern States, and later in Southern Illinois.

Since the Goshen and Kaskaskia Trails were the main routes of travel for the pioneers it was natural that settlements sprang up along those trails. Churches followed settlements. Bethel Creek, near Raleigh; Brushy Fork, near Harco; and Wolf Creek, near Eldorado are living reminders of the paths of immigration and of the religious character of the pioneers. The drive leading from the southeast corner of Wolf Creek Cemetery, past the flagpole, and through the "cut" at the top of the hill just west of the flagpole are definite signs of the old trail. The first Wolf Creek Church building, a log structure, and the first burials in the cemetery were located at the crest of the hill beside the trail.

In October 1820 the Muddy River Association of Primitive Baptist was organized. The Brushy Fork Church, then Bankston, was the host church. Bethel Creek and five other churches, including Ten Mile Church in Hamilton County, were in the organization.

Wolf Creek became a member of the Association in 1830. The report of the Church to the Association shows a membership of thirteen, of whom some were received during the year covered by the report. This sustains the claim that the church was organized as early as 1829, although the exact date of organization is not presently known.

The Brown Blockhouse stood about half a mile west from

the Wolf Creek site. Blockhouse invariably meant there was a concentration of pioneer families living near by. The blockhouse was the forerunner of the present-day community building but its primary purpose was for defense against the Indians. Likely the several denominations held services in the blockhouse. Services were also held in private homes until such time as a church house could be erected.

The delegates from Wolf Creek Church to the association in 1830 were Coleman Bramlet and Nathan Bramlet. Names of delegates from that time until 100 years ago which are still to be found among the present residents of the community were: Gates, Bourland, Brown, Johnson, Jones, Tucker, Church, Clark, Easley, Burnett, Baker, Upchurch, Moore, Thomas and Barnes. In the year 1867 Elder T. E. Vickers was a delegate from North Fork Church, four miles east of Broughton, which church is presently active. Elder Vickers was the father of Elbert Vickers, Mrs. T. J. Johnson, Mary Brill and Pricilla Story—all deceased—who have descendants in the community now or previously. Elder Vickers is the earliest name of record whom I can remember.

The author was ordained by Wolf Creek Church in August 1919, served as co-pastor with the late Elder W. C. Kane for two years, and as pastor since that time—a period of 46 years. It is a conservative estimate that he has delivered 1,700, maybe nearly 2,000 messages, during that time at Wolf Creek.

During the 1830's there arose a difference of opinion as to the amount of emphasis to be placed upon foreign missions. Those who were dissatisfied with the Articles of Faith upon which the church was founded withdrew their membership and went into the organization of Missionary Baptist churches, including Eldorado, Raleigh and Union Grove.

The Wolf Creek Church is at least 136 years old. It occupies its third building, which was constructed soon after 1900. At that time some thought was given to having the building erected and used jointly with the Presbyterians but it did not develop.

The Wolf Creek Church extends Christmas and Christian Greetings to every church in the community.

A LESSON IN GEOMETRY

Triangles are nearly always problems, be they in geometry or romance. Too bad they can't be restricted to geometry. They can be successfully solved there.

OFTEN

It is usually necessary to take the BETTER with the SWEAT.

INDEPENDENCE DAY AND WILLIAM ROARK

Independence Day, like Christmas, Thanksgiving, Veterans Day and other memorial occasions, should remind all of us that much sacrifice, privation, and even the loss of lives were prices paid for the heritage we enjoy. Apropos of Independence Day, these columns will recount some of the experiences of a Revolutionary hero, one of seven whose graves are in Saline County.

This story makes Independence Day mean more to me than ever before. Mr. Roark's declaration makes me feel almost like I had had the privilege of talking with someone who knew the great leaders of the Revolution, including General Washington.

William Roark was born in Ireland, June 6, 1760. He was married in Westmoreland County, Virginia in 1791. He served in the Revolutionary Army from Sussex County, New Jersey and died in Saline County, Illinois on the third day of April, 1841. He is buried in Cottage Grove Cemetery, Cottage Township, Saline County, Illinois. His name appears on the memorial bronze plaque imbedded in a large rock, located near the southwest corner of the Saline County Courthouse Square in Harrisburg.

The writer knows nothing of the family of William Roark except that certain members of the D.A.R. Chapter in Harrisburg have based their application for membership upon the service of Mr. Roark. All information I have is derived from a photostatic copy of his application for a pension under a law passed by Congress in 1832.

Mr. Roark was illiterate and at the time of the application, was 72 years of age and quite infirm of body, so much that he was unable to appear in court. He had a remarkable memory as is brought out by the fact that his recounting of tours of duty, commanding officers, engagements, imprisonment, dates and places in almost perfect accord with the military records. Perhaps it follows that the inability to keep a written record is compensated by one's having a better trained memory.

Mr. Roark was first drafted into the service and served under Captain John Fleet. During the next tour, he served under Captain Mack Thompson. The third period of service was under Captain John Maxfield. In his declaration Mr. Roark recited, "I do not recollect many of the United States officers excepting those mentioned, and General Washington."

After the third period of service, Mr. Roark heard that Captain John Maxfield had been commissioned to raise a company at Grand Camp and "I enlisted in it under him." That statement

removes any doubt about Mr. Roark's willingness to serve for freedom and it spells out a high regard for his commanding officer.

During that period of service he "took a prisoner." No details are given, which is characteristic of the accounts most veterans observe in modestly discussing their respective contributions to the cause. In earlier tours of duty he tells that his work was hauling cannon balls. He made mention of several long marches from one strategic point to another, but it was in his last months of service that his most dramatic and impressive experiences took place.

I have an old church record in which it is resolved "That we observe the Fourth of July as a day of humiliation and prayer." The year was 1833.

WILLIAN ROARK—Revolutionary Hero

Part II

William Roark's last tour of duty turned out to be the longest, the most trying, and the most dramatic. He served under Captain Michael Catt and went to Wheeling where the contingent was to have joined with another under General Clark and later by another under command of Colonel Laury. When Captain Catt's forces arrived at Wheeling, General Clark and his men had already gone ahead and the Colonel Laury company had not arrived. Captain Catt led his men at rapid pace in the attempt to overtake General Clark.

Just before the two forces were joined, Captain Catt and his men were attacked by Indians, were defeated, and all but forty-seven of the men were killed. The forty-seven were taken prisoners of war. Prior to the march Captain Catt had recieved some reinforcements from Kentucky, which accounts for Mr. Roark's ability to substantiate his claim for a pension, since at least one of the Kentucky men was among the prisoners, along with Mr. Roark. The location of the engagement in which the Revolutionary forces were defeated is identified by Mr. Roark as "about ten miles below the Big Miami."

The prisoners were first taken to Detroit, then into Canada, near Montreal, where they were kept for almost a year. When news of the surrender of Cornwallis was heard, the prisoners were moved under British command to Quebec to wait out the exchange of prisoners of war. There was much delay in that operation.

Mr. Roark was finally discharged March 17, 1783. He "resided on the waters of the Monongohela" and then moved to Mughlen-burk County. Later he moved to Gallatin County, Illinois, which at that time included Saline County.

In making application for the pension, Mr. Roark signed his deposition with "His Mark (X)," with Jesse Pierce as witness, in the presence of Judge William Sutton. Leonard White was the clerk of the court.

There were certain minor discrepancies when the declaration was compared with the government records. A messenger was dispatched to take deposition from William Worthington in Kentucky. That gentlemen had been a prisoner of war right along with Mr. Roark. He vouched for the accuracy of Roark's account. After the war ended, Mr. Worthington had served in the Kentucky Legislature and as a Judge in Kentucky Courts for many years. His testimony no doubt carried considerable weight in helping to have the application for pension approved.

Additional testimony as to the honesty and integrity of Mr. Roark was given by several prominent acquaintances, including Jesse Pierce, who was an ordained minister. A plea was made and addressed to the Pension Board that allowance be made for the facts that fifty years had elapsed, that Mr. Roark was quite old, infirm, and needy, and that his honesty was unquestioned.

On September 4, 1836, the pension was allowed. It was set at \$26.66 semiannually but made retroactive, so that the first payment was in the amount of \$320.00.

The record of the service of William Roark is dramatic to read but tragic to have been experienced. Saline County is honored to be the soil in which the body of William Roark, Revolutionary Hero, reposes. Genuine patriotism should and does thrive on this soil.

Since our soil is consecrated by the graves of such as he Dare I do less than my duty in the land they fought to free?

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HOLIDAYS?

There are two general categories of Holidays—Religious and National. The Lord declared one day of each week a holiday—"The Sabbath." As is usually the case, along with the gift comes the responsibility. "Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy." The Sabbath was dedicated to a specific purpose—"to keep it holy."

Other religious holidays, those determined by men, were

originally intended to be "kept" with certain purposes in mind. Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, and others fall into that class. To remember and keep them set apart as memorials are duties devolving upon every one. Is it being done?

All National Holidays had their respective origins in the minds and purposes of their sponsors for commemorating important events in the history of our country. But how many people paid tribute in word, or behaviour, or even in thought to Christopher Columbus on Columbus day? Are Independence Day, Flag Day, Labor Day, or any others now properly observed? Memorial Day may be more nearly the exception to the general current rule of ignoring the original intent and purpose of the day.

Friday of next week, November 11th, is Veterans Day. It is one of most recent origin. It has been observed after a fashion since 1918. For several years it was Armistice Day—now Veterans' Day. How well I remember that great day, November 11, 1917! Finally, the terrible World War ended. Tears, prayers, thanksgiving, and even sorrow as the life-cost was counted, filled our eyes, our hearts, and our conversations that day. Joy was unbounded! But we have drifted away.

Soon, all too soon, World War had to be given a number as well as a name. World War I, it became to make room for World War II. Then came Korea, now Viet Nam. Yet we dare not consider war common-place just because it is common. It is always a national, and usually a world emergency.

Are Veterans common-place simply because there are so many? God forbid! No man under fire in the trenches, open terrain combat or on rugged hilltops, the mud and slush of swampland, upon or under the surface of the sea, and from staggering heights in the air, discounts the tedium, the danger, or the separation from home and occupation, to which they were subjected. Many were exposed to the severest of hazards and hardships and many were victims of disease, anguish, injury, and even death. The good service man did not necessarily make the good man. Rather, the good man made the good service man.

Veterans, we salute you today, again on Veterans' Day, and every day! Else we are shamefully remiss in our duty.

You are invited to visit a shrine, at temporary location, howbeit. Stand in reverence as you view the military equipment on display at Burnett's Bank next week. It belongs to Veteran Cecil C. Simpson. He wore it, carried it, used it—every article (except for the gun)—at some time and place during his service for America in World War I, from induction to Armistice Day,

Nov. 11, 1918, and for some time beyond that date. With it he, with thousands of comrades were beset and besieged by inconveniences and dangers from mud and cooties to rifle and shrapnel, sometimes from enemy lines not more than 350 yards away.

I am telling a part of his story. He wouldn't do it.

As you view these implements of gear, apparel, and combat, Mr. Simpson would request that you think not only of him, but of his comrades as well.

Let's take a new grip on ourselves. Let's make this a genuine Veterans' Day in our hearts and lives and "keep it" that way!

ELDORADO'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Some things gain added significance as the years go by. A story which appeared in the Eldorado Daily Journal in April 1922—nearly forty-five years ago, is a case in point.

The story related the death of one John James and the extreme difficulty in the effort to learn anything about him. Mr. James was killed in No. 11 Mine on February 14, 1921, very soon after he came to Eldorado. He had not discussed his life with anyone and the only paper found in his personal effects was an army payroll book.

The late R. S. Martin wired the War Department and learned only that Mr. James had served in the Army in World War I and that he had given his emergency address as that of his father in Buckle, Kan. An inquiry to that address yielded only the information that the Kansas man said he had no son in Eldorado.

The body remained uninterred for twenty-six days in the hope that other clues could be found and that some friend or relative would respond who would give instructions as to the handling of the body. After telegrams had been dispatched to many parts of the country the body was buried in Wolf Creek Cemetery with full military honors, attended by representatives of No. 11 Local and by many other citizens. It seemed that all reference to his past was buried with Mr. James.

One year and two months later an employee of the Big Four Railroad found a worn leather wallet over a rafter in an outbuilding near the depot. How it got there is still a mystery. It contained the Army record and some receipts of John James.

Mr. Martin started the search all over again. He learned that Mr. James had served, with distinction, two terms of enlistment and that he had seen action in many noted areas of combat and that he remained in the Army of Occupation until his final

discharge on July 22, 1919.

His discharge papers recorded that he had been cited for bravery and that he was authorized to wear medals, decoration, badges, service ribbons, and four stars. Both discharges remarked that his character was excellent and that his service was honest and faithful with no absence from post.

For nearly half a century the soil of our community has been honored to be the resting place of a brave, modest, lonely hero. I nominate him as Eldorado's own "Unknown Soldier." We should all be grateful that our people, The American Legion, Local No. 11 and Mr. Martin paid proper respects to a fallen hero.

Such a thing as lost identity could scarcely occur in 1966. Today every life is a matter of multiple records. They are made from the very moment of birth. Foot prints, birth records, photographs, and arm bands date back almost to the very first breath. School records during the past fifty years have been expanded from the most sketchy and incomplete to voluminous record covering the span from pre-school to the last day of school attendance.

Following and often overlapping these comes the numbers brigade. In that category are Social Security, employer and or employee, telephone, mailing addresses, tax returns, automobile license, driver license, fishing and hunting license, marriage license, boat license, credit cards, registry in motels, the military, passports, and more and yet more. We are almost buried alive in numbers.

Even if one's friends or relatives can't find him, the law and the creditors can and will.

THE STORY OF THE BLUE PLATE

The stories I like best are those that actually happened, especially if people whom I know or have known, were involved. The Story of the Blue Plate is in that category.

About 1931 I was called to serve a church in Wadesville, Ind. Among the many joys experienced in that capacity was, and still is, that we were invited for dinners at the homes of the good members and friends of the church. The ladies are excellent cooks and seems they always "put the one big pot in the little one."

One Sunday we went home with Mr. and Mrs. Asa Cox. There were six of us and Mrs. Cox surely thought it would take enough food for a "threshing dinner" to feed us.

With all our good appetites we couldn't make much showing

on all that food. I suppose Mrs. Cox thought we would be hungry before bedtime but I can't imagine what she based her conclusion on—certainly not on how much we ate. At any rate, she sent food for our supper. There was a pie that hadn't even been cut. This she sent along on a blue plate, which was of a set of dishes given her when she married, many years before 1931.

Before we had gotten back to Wadesville to return the plate, some one put some fresh sausage on the plate and set it on a table on the screened-in porch. That night our collie dog broke through the screen and then broke the plate. We were horrified.

We gathered up the larger pieces of the wreck and left one at each antique dealer from Mt. Vernon, Illinois, to Shawneetown, to Evansville, and left one with Mrs. Butler of Mt. Vernon, Indiana. A few weeks later Mrs. Butler wrote that she had been able to find an exact match for the plate and would hold it for us. We made a special trip to get the plate and were glad to pay the one dollar she asked for it.

After the plate was paid for, I made the casual remark that maybe Mrs. Butler knew the friend for whom the plate was purchased, since she lived only about twenty miles from Mt. Vernon. She asked who, and I told her it was for Mrs. Asa Cox. Mrs. Butler said, "Oh, Mr. Dodd, that's the very person who sold me that plate. I have bought many old things from her." The joke was on me, but I enjoyed it.

When we tried to return the plate to Mrs. Cox she wouldn't have it. She said her set was not complete and when Mrs. Butler told her she wanted to buy the plate for a friend to complete a set, Mrs. Cox thought it would be a nice thing to do.

Each of our children has written the "Story of the Blue Plate" in high school or college composition courses. This makes six times and now we give to the public—not the Blue Plate but the story. The Blue Plate has been worth many times what we paid for it. We don't have fresh sausage, we don't have a dog, we don't have a screened-in porch but we do have the Blue Plate.

Anyone want to buy a Blue Plate?

ON TELLING A STORY

There is much more to telling a story or a joke than simply saying the words. In the first place, it must be a good story per se. That factor is relative. What may be hilariously amusing to one person may be dull to another. Stories about the grandchildren are always enjoyed — by the grandparent. Not always by the

listener, especially if the listener happens to be another grandparent who is not listening at all but impatiently biding the opportunity to tell all about her own grandchildren.

Another factor is the story teller. Some people can tell a story well and some cannot. It is that simple.

Still another ingredient, and a very important one, is the audience. It seems that for some people nothing is amusing or interesting, or at least they fail to demonstrate any evidence of pleasure. Most folk welcome a good story if it is well told.

All stories do not evoke the same reaction or response. Some elicit a smile, some bring laughter, even fits of laughter, and some stories just give the listener a pleasant sense of appreciation.

Given a good story, a good story teller, and an audience, there is yet another essential. The audience must be in the proper mood. There must be some preparation for what is coming. Will Rogers had to send a replacement for an appearance. Before the days of television the comedians were not so easily recognized; so the audience thought the replacement was really Will Rogers. His introductory statement was, "I am not Will Rogers." The people for the most part, didn't believe him. They were prepared for Will Rogers. Will Rogers was going to "slay" them. They almost laughed themselves sick.

My experience was on the other side. I do not imply that I am a good story teller, but I try sometimes. I was introduced as the guest speaker at a regional meeting of Women's Clubs in Benton. It was pointed out that I was a teacher and a minister. The ladies were all keyed by finery, the occasion, and even more so by the introduction, for the sedate and the formal. I was not expected to indulge in frivolity, but I did. I had a terrible time cracking the ice, but I did. I haven't been invited for a repeat performance.

Some story tellers employ the dead-pan technique. If they look that way naturally, it is the best approach. Woody Allen is an example. Red Skelton's approach is to begin his joke, then laugh before the story is ended. This prepares the audience, if it needs any preparation, for Red's humor, which is seldom the case. Red also has a stock of clever observations which he uses to inflate the jokes that fall a little flat. I have never seen it fail to revive the effort to evoke laughter.

Then there is the teller of tall tales, like Al Capp, who laughs lustily before he tells the joke. Usually he provides the only laughter. (I know I'll hear from this.)

There is dynamite in a joke. It has been said that jokes are usually at the expense of some person or group. The jokester

must be a big name in the profession to avoid creating resentment on the part of the victim. I have heard all the jokes on the preacher and the teacher. In fact I have heard all of them time and time again. I try to listen politely but I have never heard a funny one among them. To be on the safe side, the jester should tell his stories at the expense of himself or his family. The latter is not always safe.

Some stories are pure fabrications. Others have some basis in fact. In the latter category the story is often told for the "the gospel truth," as though it involved someone in the local area. There is the story of the farmer who heard a rumor that the bank was about to fail. He hurried to "draw out" his money. When the teller began to count it out for him he said, "Oh, well, if you have it I don't want it." The first time I heard that story it was told about the late Meeks Keasler and I believed every word of it. Since then I have heard the same thing told in different places and at different times, always with other names supplied.

Finally, jokes should be taken and administered in small doses. Too many is too much.

LEFT OVERS FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Exhibit A

"Dear Editor: I want to put a add in your newspaper about a woman in your town. I only know her first name and her husband's first name. She wrote a few letters to my husband and she is trying to break up my home. She is also calling down here and using my name. The telephone company can prove this.

"I am married for almost eight years and have two children and I am expecting a third one.

"I went to see a lawyer and he sent a copy of her own letter to my husband to her mail box, but the letter came back. The lawyer just warned her to leave my husband alone, but, as I said, the letter came back. She keeps calling down here.

"I thought it would help if I put a add in your paper. It may stop her because she told me over the phone to go back (to the country I came from). But I am an American citizen.

"Will you send me a bill for this add? You can write your own ad out of this letter." (Excerpts)

AGE

"I feel like a two-year-old." It makes a lot of difference whether I am referring to a two-year-old colt or a two-year-old egg.

Exhibit B

"To Whom It May Concern: My wife ran away to your city to give birth to our child with intentions of giving it away. She was angry with me but I thought she would just stay away a few days and come back. She had done that many times but this time I don't think she can get back for her time is very soon.

"If it is not too late, will you please notify me at once and keep me informed. I intend to get a court order to stop her from giving it away, for you see, I want the baby. I will get a court order before she can get up and leave the state.

"I trust your paper will cooperate with me in this matter. So, please help me get my child back." Etc. (Excerpts)

These examples are not cited in any spirit of levity. There are many, many domestic problems today, as there were years ago, when these letters were written. Rather, they are cited as examples of the variety of correspondence which the editor receives. I doubt that he could have rendered assistance in either event.

Anybody want to be an editor?

PLEASE PARDON MY BLUSHING WITH PRIDE. I quote from No. 657, "Carving New Trail in the Jungles of Journalism," Oct. 8, 1966, S.I.E.A. NEWSLITTER:

"KEN TRIGG'S ELDORADO DAILY JOURNAL had one of the best columns we ever read on story telling. Leo Dodd concludes that jokes should be taken and administered in small doses because too many can be too much." Well, now, I had not hoped to make the attention of an important news service. The reference is to Kobweb Korners Column No. 86, which appeared Saturday, August 6, 1966. Thank you, S.I.E.A. NEWSLITTER!

THE STORY OF THE MILL STONES

We have in our possession a pair of mill stones. They are mates and in a good state of preservation. What a wonderful story it would be if all events of historical interest surrounding them could be re-told. This column will recount but small part of the story.

In the main, what is true of one is true of all mill stones yet the facts differ in detail. The stones we have may have been brought from afar. They often were. These do not resemble any stones that may be found on the local terrain. They are harder than limestone, finer-grained than sandstone, yet not as hard, or brittle, or as fine-grained as flint.

Each one is about three feet in diameter and about fifteen inches thick. The face surfaces are very smooth, but all other surfaces are quite rough. Not too much time was taken to dress them beyond the areas necessary to do the job. There is a hole about six inches in diameter in the center of each stone, but the hole in the stop stone is square, to fit a shaft by which it was turned. The lower stone remained stationary.

From the center of each stone, channels or grooves are cut, extended to the outer edges of the stones. As the stones were used the surfaces wore down, the grooves became more shallow and they had to be chiseled deeper. Some men became expert at the job and went from mill to mill to render their service.

Corn or other grain was brought from the small clearings and little fields in the pioneer settlements to be ground into coarse meal. Going to mill was often a boy's job. A cloth bag would be partially filled with grain, which was divided so that it would rest somewhat like a saddle over the horse's back. Then the lad mounted the horse and was off to mill.

The miller kept a toll box into which he placed part of the meal for his service. When grinding began the grain was introduced slowly between the stones through the hole in the top stone. As the top stone was turned, the grain was crushed and worked to the outside of the stones, where it fell into box built around the mill. The power for turning the mill was usually running water. In cases where and when the supply of water power failed, the mill was powered by a horse or an ox.

Three known facts help to determine when and where our mill stones were in operation. My grandfather, Wm. Jesse Dodd, and my father, J. C. Dodd, both took grain to the mill. The former was born in 1841 and the latter in 1867. The earliest settlement in this community was about 1820. In later years I located and secured both stones. One was being used as a door step at a home about half-quarter of a mile southwest of the Hillcrest School Building and the other had been buried as a land marker something like a quarter of a mile southeast of the same building. The Goshen Trail ran about two blocks south of the school building. There is a stream, near the L. & N. Railroad which must have supplied the power if it were water powered. That would place the location of the mill about west of the Hillcrest School Building near the railroad right-of-way.

For a time the mill stones were used for pulverizing clay for a small pottery. We have a pitcher that was made by my grandfather at the pottery.

I like to think of it as the Mill of the Dodds.

The Mill of the Dodds ground slowly, and now they don't grind at all.

HOT CAT

Before the days of organized charities, like TB, Heart, CARE, Cancer and dozens of other similar worthy societies, people found plenty of ways to share the burdens of the afflicted and less fortunate. Of course it had to be on an individual or direct basis. The hungry and the homeless were seldom turned from my parents' door. That was the rule rather than the exception.

I remember two or three homeless men who were given meals and lodging through the winter months while father was teaching, for which they served as handy men—but not very handy. About all they could do was to cut wood for fires in the cook stove and fireplaces and help father with feeding the livestock.

One of these men was almost blind. He slept in the same large bedroom where my brother and I slept. Each evening he would "lay a fire" in the grate. That means that he placed fine wood and paper for kindling in the bottom of the grate and coarser and heavier wood on top. Then he poured about a pint of coal oil, as we called it, over the fuel so that by morning all that was needed was to touch it off with a kitchen match. Each morning the "hiredhand" got up very early, started the fire, and got back in bed where he remained until the room was warm for him and for my brother and me. That was no small luxury.

One night the cat was in the room. She chose to sleep under the grate since the hearthstones were warm from the fire of the day before. Of course her fur absorbed some of the kerosene. Our friend, almost blind, didn't notice the cat when he started the fire. First, there was the usual flash which was no surprise. Then things really began to happen. Out came the cat on the double with flames drifting back as she gyrated around the room, under the beds, under the wardrobe, over the chairs everywhere, giving with such noises as you have never heard.

During all the excitement, Lestal and I were standing up in our bed, scared within an inch of our lives, wondering when we would be the next targets. I remember as clearly as though it were this morning, our friend in utter panic, grabbed his hat and took off after the speeding torch. He kept saying "Skat, there." "Skat" was the last thing the poor animal needed to be told. "Skat"

she was already doing. It was a wonder she didn't set the house on fire.

Mother heard the commotion and opened the door so the poor thing did the rest of the "Skat" outside.

Later in the day, when the hot cat cooled off, Lestal and I gave her a decent burial.

SCHOOL DAZE

Favorite topics of conversation when school mates get together, either in small or large groups, are the memorable events that took place in school. Such events may have been amusing or mischievous or both and were usually at the expense of the teacher. As the years go by, nothing is lost in the recounting of the stories.

This story is true but it is from the teacher and the principal point of view.

Miss Rasmussen's classroom was directly across the corridor from my office. The first class in the afternoon was assembled when she entered the room. After about a minute she dashed out of her room, into my office, and said, "Mr. Dodd, I want you to paddle every one in that class." She was excited, mad and very pale.

I inquired if there were a general riot going on in the room and she told me that when she opened her large fabric handbag a frog jumped out. Then Miss Rasmussen jumped out—of the classroom. I explained that it was not my practice to punish an entire group when maybe only one or two were involved in a prank. I suggested that she remain in the teachers' lounge until she regained her composure and that I would try to handle the situation.

It had been with difficulty that I refrained from laughing about the episode in the teacher's presence. Fortunately, I entered the room smiling and told the pupils, juniors and seniors, that I could see the funny side, but their teacher certainly couldn't. I further stated that I had great confidence in young people's sense of fair play, in the democratic process, and that I would leave the room while they worked out the solution. I urged them to persuade the "culprit" to agree to apologize to the teacher and notify me when that point had been reached, that I did not care to know who it was that had perpetrated the "crime," and that no further action would be taken.

Soon a spokesman came to the office and said they were ready

for the teacher to return. The apology was made, sincerely, I am sure, and the business of American History was resumed.

Twenty-five years later at a class reunion the "culprit" volunteered his part in it—no, her part in it. Peggy Brill—who else? Now she is Mrs. Peggy Ripperdan and is an instructor in Southeastern College in Harrisburg. If you ask me, I would say she would do it again if the opportunity presented itself. At any rate, Peggy gave her consent for me to use her name in the column.

LEFT-OVERS

You won't believe it but it is true—his name was Ike. Ike was not too bright but he could do just about enough farm work in the summer months to earn his keep and a little money. During the winter months he was lucky to get a place where he could do chores for his keep. Often he had to be taken in by a kind relative.

The kind relative was a very devout churchman and sometimes "exhorted" in his church. He always gave thanks at great length at meal time. His wife was a good, old-fashioned cook and often catered to Ike's wishes. Ike was very fond of fried pies, pancakes, corn cakes and the like. But he didn't like them cold.

Sometimes there were more of these fried delicacies than could be consumed at the first meal and they were put on the table for the next meal. This time Ike eyed the stack of fried pies, just hoping they were not cold. When the good old husband embarked upon the lengthy prayer of thanks, Ike couldn't resist any longer. During the prayer he put his hand on the platter of pies and said aloud, right in the middle of "grace," "Yes, they're warm."

Another story is of a family and hired hand whose names I do not remember. The family was very thrifty—people had to be thrifty in those days. Nothing was wasted and most left-overs were presented time after time.

In this case it was a large bowl of peach preserves which was on the table day after day as the only dessert. Who wouldn't get tired of peach preserves? After about a week of this treatment the hired hand eyed the peach preserves, took out a small helping, and made the timely observation, "This is gettin' to look kinda familiar"—not familiar.

That has been a saying in our family for many years apropos of left overs and hand-me-downs.

At the home of my parents, mother canned gobs and oodles

of any and all fruit including grape butter. She followed the same pattern as described in cases cited above. The grape butter got to lookin' "kinda familar." It "sugared over." It was seldom touched. One day mother carefully dipped out a small portion, placed it in another bowl, and said she wanted all of us to try some of her new marmalade. It was delicious. Soon it was all gone and several remarks were made about how tasty it was. Mother brought in the original container and said, "Well, if you are so fond of my marmalade, I'll just get you plenty more from my grape butter bowl."

She was always good at tricks like that.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS—The Bramlet Family

Prior to the establishment of the Federal Land Office at Shawneetown, there were very few settlers in what is now Southern Illinois—particularly Saline County—and there was no manner by which to take title to land, either by purchase or grant. Those families which had settled here enjoyed only the right of possession which was generally respected, except by the Indians at times.

Even when Illinois became a state, 1818, there were fewer than one hundred families living in what is now Saline County. The first land entries in Saline County were issued to John Wren and Hankerson Rude, both in Mountain Township, near Somerest. This is the southeast township in the county and is traversed by the South Fork of the Saline River, which was navigable from that point to the Ohio River. Many other titles were taken for land in the county right away and all were issued from the land office in Shawneetown.

The author has in his possession such a document for 160 acres which includes the burial plot known as the Dodd Cemetery in section fifteen, just a mile north of Eldorado. It was issued in 1825 to my grandfather's great-grandfather, Malachi Hereford, a Revolutionary Soldier who was the first to be buried in that cemetery. The document bears the signature of President J. Q. Adams.

There were many, many reasons why people came to Southern Illinois, just as there are many reasons why people now remain or return. Among those reasons were: the pioneer spirit, to join earlier pioneer friends and relatives, to escape the stigma of slavery, and maybe in some instances, to escape the law, although I cannot document the last statement.

A very interesting and dramatic set of circumstances and

events attach to the immigration of the first of the Bramlet family to Saline County and to the establishment of what came to be known and is now known as the "Bramlet Settlement." Here it is. Most people who are interested in local history know the saga of John Rector, a government surveyor assigned to this area, that he was ambushed and killed and buried near the Rector Township Town House, some five miles north of Eldorado, while in line of duty. His name has been given to a creek, a township, a church, and a station on the L & N.

But it is not well-known that among the members of his survey party was a young single man named Bramlet. But such was the case. Mr. Bramlet witnessed the ambush of Mr. Rector and no doubt assisted in his burial. This was in 1814. Of course the party had to disband since the official surveyor was dead. Mr. Bramlet returned to his parents' home in Kentucky, related the tragic event and described the beautiful, fertile country where he had been employed.

His description triggered the desire of his parents to see for themselves. Accordingly the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Bramlet, following surveyor, pioneer and Indian Trails came to seek a place to make a home in these parts. After some considerable looking around, they decided upon an area combining such features as fertility, water, forest, and terrain which suited them better than any other. Mr. Bramlet "drove his stake" and immediately proceeded to file his claim and to buy up other land. The claim was granted in 1827 and it too bears the signature of President J. Q. Adams, and is a treasured possession of descendants of the pioneers.

Reuben Bramlet was the fifth son of William Bramlet, the first to come to America from England, married in Virginia, migrated across the Cumberland Mountains, into Tennessee, Kentucky, and finally to Illinois.

Such was the beginning of the Bramlet Settlement, located in the general area of Union Grove Church in Section 26, Raleigh Township, Saline County. Thank God for this great, fine family. No one can tell all the contributions for good made by the clan.

HIT OR MISS

Sometimes when trying to "kill two birds with one stone," one misses both birds.







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